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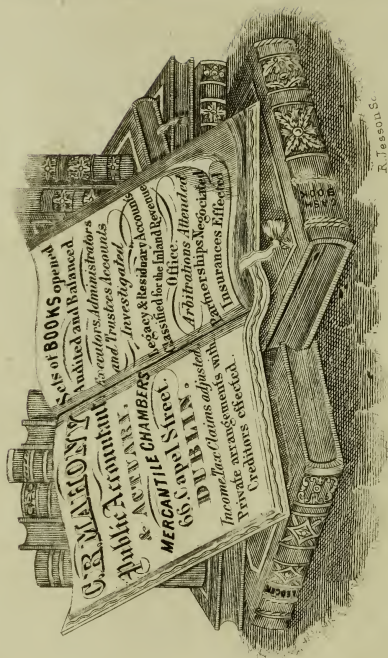
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SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

DUBLIN:

COWEN AND THOMSON, 35 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1870.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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TO

JASPER ROBERT JOLY, ESQ., LL.D.

DEAR SIR,

Should the public appreciate SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS, as the author trusts they may do, to you they are indebted for its production; for, although the work was written with the intention of publishing, my emigration to London in 1866, disappointment there in a commercial point of view after a very considerable and useless expenditure, owing to the terrible effects of the great failures and the cholera, caused me to return with my family, and prevented the accomplishment of my object.

Anxious to obtain information relative to some ancient tomes in my possession, and knowing your fame as a lover and a judge of books, I took leave to call on you to make some inquiries.

Before we parted, you mentioned that my biography would be interesting, and you thought it would be popular, when I informed you I had already written it, and spoke of the difficulty of bringing it out.

You then suggested that I should canvass for subscri-

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bers; that among your own friends you would introduce the subject; and at once headed a list for a considerable number of copies, which nerved me to persist, and, following your example, several hundred old friends and new ones gave me their patronage, resulting in the first volume appearing within a reasonable period.

Of its reception I feel pleasure in referring to my readers and the critiques of the press, and now forward my second volume to stem the current of opinion, hoping it will arrive at a goal in as fortunate a manner as its predecessor.

In conclusion I take leave to dedicate this my second volume of Saint Catherine's Bells to

JASPER ROBERT JOLY, ESQ., LL.D

I remain, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER

P R E F A C E .

In presenting my second volume I trust it will meet such approval as its predecessor was favoured with.

I have sketched a variety of scenes and personages, but found my subjects so voluminous, that if compressed in compass their interest would be destroyed.

In my next publication I purpose completing "1848", including scenes in Belfast and Kilmainham prisons, until the 3rd of March, 1849, when liberated. I also intend giving a few more notices of our city fathers. Also sketches of the bench, the bar, the Church, Trinity College, the press, a few more citizens, fine arts and WILLIAM HOWIS, R. D. Williams, Joseph Brenan, P. O'Higgins, C. R. Mahony, the commercial disasters here in 1852, the "FAIRY QUEEN" and her dupes, London during bankruptcy and cholera in 1866, scenes at the "Jerusalem", Overend, Gurney's, and Lombard Street; the London hospitals, life and death, tour in the south and west of Ireland, etc.

I could not write my biography without inserting the history of 1848, when I was personally engaged in the scenes then occurring, and if using strong language respecting the government of the day, I think it will be admitted it requires no apology.

Ireland has ever been made the tennis court for English political gladiators, from the civil wars of York and Lancaster to the present hour; and if any native, either

Norman, Saxon, or Celt, dared to prefer his country to its oppressors, he was tracked to destruction.

In this volume there is a record of 1848. In what position is the country at the present hour? Chagrined to the heart at the successful passing of the great reform bill by his opponent Disraeli, driven from power into comparative obscurity, W. E. Gladstone fluttered about for a war cry, and, with the assistance of his satellites, raised the old question of creed, set one section against the other in party feud, and succeeded in passing the CHURCH BILL, thus, no doubt destroying a *sentimental* grievance, placing Episcopalianism on a basis of reasonable retrenchment, and giving it an opportunity for purifying some of its doctrines, enabling the working clergy to receive better stipends, and curtailing the enormous incomes and pluralities of higher position, the *drones of the Establishment*.

The people at large cared nothing for the change; instead of benefiting the nation to the extent of the smallest current coin, it transferred *eight millions of Irish property to the coffers of the British treasury!* whilst the conjurer of the movement sold one party and betrayed the other.

On the presumption that they were to get the eight millions abstracted from their rivals, the Roman Catholic hierarchy submitted to surrender the Maynooth grant for less than half its value, but Gladstone had to surrender the intended appropriation in deference to Lord Cairns and the Upper House, *without threatening to create new peers!* and the amount was properly taken from ministerial appropriation and placed at the control of the legislature.

Now in 1870 what is the state of Ireland? In 1869

the enthusiasm of triumph burst forth from one party, that of indignation from the other; but the people saw the old revival of divide and conquer, and at the present moment there is not a cloud in the political or religious horizon with the exception of the usual agrarian outrages—*matters solely between landlord and tenant*—the whole country is tranquil, *but not in the silence of death*. Dublin has elected a Conservative Lord Mayor, Drogheda has elected another for the first time since the Municipal Reform Bill, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, other cities will follow the example. Has this novel sign of brotherly love alarmed the Whigs? Why is the country a camp for forty thousand military and police, with flying columns of artillery, the island surrounded by iron-clads and gun boats? Is there a new dodge to raise the demon of discord? Is there to be a fresh pretext for military slaughtering? W. E. GLADSTONE, raise it at your peril!

The noble people of England are in the throes of revolution, suffering bankruptcy, starvation, and emigration since 1866. America will have Cuba, Porto Rico, St. Domingo, the Azores. The Knight of Kerry might sell an American company the Island of Valentia. An Irish-American colony planted in Galway would throw Liverpool in shadow. A wise statesman would look into the looming of the future. With Ireland happy and contented, the three nations might defy the world; if continuing otherwise, the advent of the celebrated NEW-ZEALANDER MAY BE MUCH NEARER THAN ANTICIPATED.

It is a misnomer to style the Whig leaders the LIBERALS.

The chains of our enthusiasts, encouraged and betrayed by Gladstone and Wodehouse through their

deputies, Corydon, Nagle, and Massy, rankle in the soul of the nation, treated as they are by Gladstone—the sentimental sympathiser with the prisoners of Naples—with the ferocity of Alexander, who had the nose cut from the philosopher Calisthenes because he refused to acknowledge him as a god, and placed him in an iron cage to be tormented by the ruffians surrounding him. The Whig leader assisted to raise the Frankenstein which has shaken Great Britain to its centre.

He prizes the liberty and happiness of his countrymen as he did that of the Southern slaves, when he would have acknowledged the independence of their proprietors and oppressors, were it not for Lord Palmerston. With reference to his Newcastle speech I give the following extract from the despatch of J. Lothrop Motley, American ambassador at Vienna, now representing his countrymen in London:

Vienna, October, 1862.

“W. H. Seward, Washington.

“The speech so far as it relates to the United States is a consummate piece of art. A people struggling against the most tremendous oligarchy the world has ever seen, awakens not his respect but his pity.

“The cup of humiliation and shame they are still endeavouring to hold from their lips. They have not yet drank the cup which all the world sees they must drink.

“BLASTED BE THE TONGUE THAT SPEAKS OF SHAME.

“J. LOTHROP MOTLEY”.

William Ewart Gladstone, remember the lines, “*Vengeance is mine said the Lord*”.

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER.

The Bloxham Hotel, Dublin,
1st January, 1870.

SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS:

An Autobiography.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IN my first volume I gave various sketches of what may be called the old and modern systems of trade in Dublin, the former taken from commencement of the present century, the latter from about the year 1836, when the great East India Company's monopoly terminated. I also gave various sketches of commercial men, which were suddenly terminated by the inexorable announcement of the foreman printer handing me several sheets of manuscript, saying the pages were completed, and he could make no further room for copy. Perhaps the circumstance was fortunate, for many of my non-commercial friends, especially the fair ones, might throw away the book with a yawn, exclaiming the author was a bore, and should return to his original calling; whilst others, with that caustic satire for which some intellects are celebrated, might search through the work to see if he had given the latest market prices of meat, poultry, fish, onions, and potatoes. Under the circumstances mentioned the printer acted the part of a pruning shears, leaving ample room for a second crop in the present volume. As it is quite probable the celebrated New Zealander and future philosophers will consult SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS in reference to their progenitors; and, taking an interest in the successful actions of my countrymen, I trust the parties

whose names I have introduced "*sans* ceremony", when they find themselves on record, will excuse my procedure.

The great commercial failures in Ireland in 1847, after the terrific famine, and again in 1852, in Dublin, brought on by great mercantile collapse, as narrated elsewhere, decimated hosts of highly respectable and honourable merchants, who were swept off the lists by the occurrences, and many of whom disappeared altogether from the stage, whilst a few were so fortunate as to obtain agencies for English or foreign houses, and others glad to become clerks to such as remained intact. Subsequent to those disastrous periods a new generation of traders has appeared, guided by the consequences of the past and precautions as to the future, whilst the houses who were unaffected by the shocks changed their old systems of giving too wide a margin of credit both in amount and in time, lopped away the rotten branches, and limited their operations until the return of a more favourable period enabled them to extend their transactions with the advance in prosperity. To any one possessed of ordinary philanthropy it must be a source of gratification to witness the material advance in prosperity of his fellow men, but still more must the feeling be influenced by the honourable laurels achieved in the paths of commerce by his own countrymen, so rapidly developed within the past few years.

I have given ample details of extensive importations of tea from China into our several ports after the abolition of the East India Company's charter. I also referred to its cessation, which arose not, perhaps, for want of enterprise on the part of our traders, but as the inevitable result of London having become the great emporium for the trade, which, from connection, un-

limited means, and being the port of consignments from the great Hong merchants, must continue to be the resort of buyers until the traffic from New York or Philadelphia by the great Pacific railway may be fully developed, when American enterprise may run the productions of the Flowery Land from Hong Kong, Canton, or the imperial Peking, and Japan, right to the ancient harbour of Galway, and via rail throughout the British empire. The almost total cessation of consumption of raw sugars, and substitution of refined crushed has ended the West India trade as far as Dublin traders and the Custom House docks are concerned, but we have the gratification of beholding the continuous arrival of East and West India and South American sugars at the wharf of Bewley and Moss, Canal Docks, the vessels being moored opposite the bonded stores belonging to their great refinery. With respect to those two branches of trade, I mention their collapse from unavoidable circumstances, not from want of energy or capital on the part of our native traders.

From time immemorial Dublin has been celebrated for the quasi legitimate importations of the finest wines, as Galway had been for a more free and easy mode of supply; and as before the union the lords of the soil and the members of the two Houses were as celebrated for their epicurean taste in their cups, as they were for their thorough knowledge in hair-triggers, the old Dublin wine merchants took special care to secure the choicest selections, for which they had their own prices, and, in many cases, afterwards paid themselves by the transfer of estates in settlement of accounts; whilst the predecessors of Rigby, Truelock, and Kavanagh were always [on the *qui vive* to supply their patrons with instruments which would enable their possessors to snuff a candle at the end of a

long dining hall, or prostrate his friend across the table or on the green sward.

Notwithstanding that the population of Ireland is double that which existed in the country before the blighting union; notwithstanding that the land has been blasted, its resources wasted, and its people more than decimated by pestilence, famine, and compulsory emigration; and notwithstanding that an immense proportion of the products of the land are drained away in a perennial absentee tax; still there are to be found in the country a class of people in easy circumstances who inherited their predecessors' penchant for good wine "which requires no bush", and the descendants of the old importers and men of new blood have preserved the celebrity of the Custom House wine vaults, the very atmosphere of which is impregnated with aroma which Bacchus himself would delight in.

In resuming my sketches of traders, I shall take them up as before without regard to order or standing, and the first which appears before me is that of the firm of W. and P. THOMPSON, of Dublin, London, Cadiz, Oporto, etc., etc.

It is with very peculiar pleasure I here endeavour to give a short sketch of this firm, whose extraordinary progress in trade within a few years past is unprecedented in this country, or perhaps in any other. I have watched the rapid progress of William Thompson's firm with peculiar interest. His intellect appears to be as gigantic as his person, and with unswerving tenacity in his progress he is a model of North of Ireland raising and education. With great conversational and reasoning powers, he possesses a flow of eloquence not usual with his countrymen of the Plantation, and free altogether from the peculiar twang which contrasts so strongly with that of Munster. He is

about the size of my ancient friend Patrick Hayes, six feet four inches, of whose great enterprise and energy he strongly reminds me. His brother, P. Thompson, is one of the handsomest Irishmen I have met with, spends a great deal of his time on the "road", and from his manners and appearance is a general favourite, whilst the commanding position of his firm must render the duty of receiving orders no very light one. About seven years since this firm struck out a novel path in the wholesale wine trade. Having purchased largely from the growers in Spain, Portugal, and France, they established their firm in Cadiz, Oporto, and Bourdeaux, and became shippers of their own wines, or rather their selection of wines, with their own brands, in opposition to the ancient and long venerated monopoly of the old native houses. This was a masterly, at the same time a dangerous, move; for, like all similar operations, it was liable to be received with incredulity or ridicule by friends and buyers, and certain to be sneered at by the old school of shippers. Having thrown down the gauntlet, they pursued their course with a tenacity which secured their triumph. From the Spanish shipping list before me, I see from the port of Xerez la Frontera, Cadiz, in 1868, they shipped 9,127 arrobas of sherry wines alone, and I find they have succeeded in their shipments to such an extent as placed them before eighteen Spanish houses, many of them old exporters.

The Thompsons deserve great credit from their countrymen, both traders and consumers, for breaking up this old Spanish and Portuguese monopoly, which had existed for ages. Few would have had the moral courage to ignore the old brands, and sell their wines on their own merits. There can be no doubt that what have hitherto been

favourite brands, have to be paid for independent of the contents of the cask ; this is truly ridiculous ; it was almost time for the mask to be thrown off by some enterprising firm, and our countrymen, when opportunity offers, are seldom second in a storming party. To purchase wines by the mark or brand, instead of the *bonâ fide* sample, in the present astute age of buying and selling, appears to be simply ridiculous. In the tea trade long since the buyers found out the folly of purchasing by description, and adopted the stern sample system, acquired a knowledge of that branch of their trade which they took on trust before, and woe to the firm would execute an order at variance with sample. The same principle applies more especially to wine, for without having a sample and keeping it sealed, to test with the bulk parcel on arrival, the buyer is completely at the shipper's mercy, and it is notorious to persons engaged in the trade, that uniformity in quality under certain marks and brands is not carried out ; hence the necessity of buying by sample, irrespective of brands or marks. Their system appears to have worked well with Messrs. Thompson, as I find by the *Wine Trade Review* that they paid duty on 38,055 gallons in 1868, placing them second on the list in Ireland. Their exports from the continent to the United States and Canada are really marvellous, considering the short period of their being in the trade, and they have turned the tables on our sturdy neighbour John Bull, by shipping from their bonded stock here to traders in London. They are the only Irish firm on the Spanish shipping list, and present a noble example of self-reliance ; and I say to my countrymen having similar aspirations, EXCELSIOR.

The sugar trade, like that of corn, tea, coffee, tobacco, cotton, etc., has ever been a speculative and gambling one,

with as much rigging and bearing as on the Stock Exchange, and in a similar manner has periodically ended in tremendous reactions, out of which the knowing ones who set operations going realized large fortunes, whilst dupes, imbued with strong powers of imagination and tenacity in holding, have invariably come to grief. It is to be hoped the extension of the telegraph will eventually lead to accurate accounts of stocks in every place of production and every port of accumulation being faithfully laid before the trading world. To effect this desirable information, the government, through its consuls, should require accurate statistics, and publish them with authority, to prevent those lamentable revulsions which occur periodically, put a stop to a system of false reports for the object of transferring the property of others to the projectors, who are as much guilty of swindling as the veriest rogue in the criminal court, who ends his days in penal servitude.

This would not be an interference with legitimate trade, which governments have no right to do, but would protect the straightforward and honourable traders in a position of safety as to truthful statements, and should they suffer by injudicious purchases, it would solely be the result of their own action.

The great house of Peter and Thomas Chamberlain, from about the year 1826, were perhaps one of the most extensive sugar houses in the three kingdoms as purchasers from direct importers in Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, through sugar brokers, who were then, as now, the medium between buyer and direct importer in the whole-sale trade. The Chamberlains on many occasions commanded the market here, and successfully competed with direct importers, when it was rigged, for a long period

escaping the various collapses, but eventually, from the long struggle between bulls and bears, without having the philosophy to realise and hold their good fortune, retired, I think, about 1835, on a moderate competence. They were twin brothers, and so like, that many persons were at a loss to know one from the other. Middle size, stout built, pleasing countenances, fair complexion, active and offhanded business habits, they were general favourites, and their movements in the trade closely watched by imitators, who, when Chamberlains were buyers, invariably followed suit. Their sanguine temperaments eventually ended in disappointment, whereas, had they the keen perspicuity of men like Robert Gray, they would have retired with great wealth. They have long since retired to another sphere, I trust with more satisfaction than they enjoyed in this one.

About the year 1826, the period when the old dingy glass bell oil lamps of the city were extinguished, and the citizens astonished and delighted with the novel illumination by gas, as they were in the year 1838 by the disappearance of the "Old Charlies", vice the new police force, an important revolution suddenly took place in the retail tea and coffee trade. One of the leading houses in Dame Street had been fitted up for the purpose, and suddenly advertisements in the papers, and placards all about the city and county, announced the opening of "Nott, Ferguson, and Co.", from Manchester, in the tea and coffee trade, with an immense reduction of prices in both. The trade here as in other branches, let the "proud invader" obtain the whip hand of them, and immense patronage from the public, which they held for years, until the native traders were educated into the system of moderate profits. To meet this new

invasion of the Saxon hand to hand and foot to foot, Charles Bewley quietly opened the establishment, corner of Palace Street, followed by Andrews and Co., another English firm, and several others. Our grocers, to recover their position with old ladies and young (the truest connoisseurs in tea), judges, lawyers, students, and other lovers of true Mocha, had to change their tactics, but long felt the effects of their inertness. Old Lord Norbury punned on the name of the firm, and regularly pulled up at the establishment until his groom obtained supplies. Nott and Co. became plethoric from too much public patronage. John and Philip Jones were the clever managing partners in this El Dorado. John entered the Old Corporation, and became high sheriff, and as the public patronage returned to its old haunts, they retired into the wholesale trade in Cope Street, which expired on the death of Mr. Nott a few years subsequently. Phil Jones has been always a sporting character, and I think still follows out the game at Rathfarnham side. Little Ferguson died many years since. I saw John Jones at the exhibition, 1864, and Philip Jones in 1869, looking as if taking good care of number one. Nott and Co. had a great advantage which their brother traders knew not of. During Napoleon's possession of the continent, he and his conquests were ostracised from the sea, his great genius led to the discovery of two articles which ever since have exercised a most important influence on their respective branches of trade, viz., beet root sugar and chicory powder. The former, as baked refined sugar, supplies nearly all Great Britain and Ireland; and the latter, until recently taxed with a duty equal to coffee, was used to an immense extent as a mixture. For years Nott and Co. possessed the sole ad-

vantage of its use, and my Lord Norbury felt the benefit of using Dandelion root (*taraxacum*) in his coffee without knowing its component parts, which, while increasing the stock and profit of the retailer, formed a valuable medicinal adjunct to the dyspeptic nature of the "true berry".

Andrews and Co. steadily increased their business in various other branches, extended their premises as they could obtain possession of adjoining houses, and their establishment is one of the great ones of the city, whilst the members of the firm have been naturalized, and are universally respected. Henry is a life member of the Royal Dublin Society, and took a leading part at its last exhibition. George attends closely to their extensive trade, and I think they are the only firm of invaders in the line. Arthur, the youngest brother, attends specially to the wine department, one of their heaviest branches for several years.

I am not going into the political economy question of monster houses. No doubt, in the first instance, they did immense injury to the old jog trot Dublin traders, many of whom were glad to enter the new establishments as clerks or shopmen, and bring their connections with them; but the public at large benefited by the new system in the cost, quality, and variety of goods displayed, and by keen competition, sold at moderate rates, whilst the best markets were hunted up by their buyers, a novel supply was continually presented. Again, in addition to the retail, they have gradually become the wholesale warehousemen, and their travellers and their goods are to be found in every district throughout Ireland.

The great extension of the suburbs of the city, in the Rathmines, Pembroke, Black Rock, Kingstown, and

Dalkey townships, at the expense of the provincial towns and districts, whose previous residents have gradually migrated to the metropolis, as the means of the gentry permitted, and as the traders and graziers accumulated wealth, for the objects of society, education, and settlement of their families, and pleasure, settling in the elegant villas and terraces of those townships, having quick railway communication for business or otherwise to those localities which they have left, will always retain a large outlaying population, which has led to the establishment of houses of business on a less expensive scale than the monster ones, the proprietors of which having been brought up in this new school, with much more moderate scale of expenses, and with their own families as assistants in the business, are enabled to share the custom of the increased township population, and if they have not curtailed the business of the great houses, they have certainly obtained a very considerable share of the new patronage, as may be observed in the number of highly respectable establishments of moderate extent in every direction in the city and the leading thoroughfares of the townships.

Like the Scotchmen, the Pims have been gradually extending their operations. Their establishments at George's Street, William Street, Harold's Cross, and the flour mills at Ringsend Dock, are a credit to the city, and would be to any other, and the immense employment they give in their various trades creates a healthy tone in the community, and fairly remunerated payment to their employés.

Of all the sudden revivals which have taken place in our city, one at which that highly respected old friend, the late Samuel Bewley, and his no less respected son

Charles Bewley, would rub their eyes and stare, if they again revisited their old haunts, is that of the present Bewley family; to the former it would be quite a "Rip Van Winkle" scene. Verily the spirit moved them to some purpose.

On the cessation of the direct China trade in teas, which was carried on most extensively by Thomas Bewley and Co. for years, and although they have always done an extensive cross-channel trade, and had a large bonded store in Cope Street, the agents of the London houses gradually "wired-in" to the majority of large and small dealers, and now there is hardly an inland town in Ireland where English agents do not supply the buyers from sample chests to large parcels, and every well-to-do trader is an importer from London. The West India sugar trade, which was also a most extensive one, and of which the Bewleys had a large share, ceased almost altogether shortly after the introduction of refined crushed sugar from Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Plymouth, and elsewhere. The Bewleys were apparently dying of inaction. William Hogg, managing partner, took a fit of *ennui* and a continental trip for a lengthened period. Thomas Bewley's numerous avocations at the Ballast Board, Chamber of Commerce, and various other similar institutions, occupied most of his time; with the younger branches time was heavy, trade dull—very! Like the celebrated Moor, their occupation was gone, their money rusting at three per cent., and I believe as a relief, some of the young Bewleys and Hoggs joined the cricket club established by John Wardell at Rathgar; Henry Moss acted occasionally as captain of the field, and both he and his junior friends let their beards grow like that celebrated pilgrim of ancient history, Esau.

Suddenly their fellow-citizens were agreeably surprised at the starting of the great iron ship-building concerns, and laying the foundation stone of the sugar refinery in Brunswick Street. Bewley, Walpole, and Webb, in the former, Bewley and Moss in the latter. Both have proved eminently successful, and I trust they may continue so. Sugars arrive in direct cargoes at the dock pier opposite the refinery. It is a massive stone building of eight stories, having a tank extending over, or rather forming, the roof, has all the modern appliances in machinery, a very extensive bonded store opposite the dock quay, and since the commencement, at which the work is carried on continuously day and night, they have not been able to supply the demand, and I understand contemplate a large extension.

My old and indefatigable friend, Henry Moss, the managing partner, is the right man in the right place, full of energy, in the prime of life and health, is ubiquitous in the business, now superintending the unloading of the sugar ships, then the placing, weighing, and rolling into the bonded store; again in the office calculating what portion of the various orders he can supply; off like a tangent to the stock department, through the hot, hazy scenes of the manufactory, up the eight stories to the top, down again to furnaces and machinery. Like the stairs, doors, and flooring, he must have an iron constitution to hold on; but there he is, the active spirit in the scene, which appears his element. Thomas Bewley has retired from the tea trade, and the firm now is Wm. Hogg and Co.

Samuel Bewley (second of the name) passes meekly and quietly through life, a worthy specimen of his order, a leading member of the Society of Friends, leaves the business in Dame Street to the management of his son

and partner, and rarely appears in public unless at a peace or charitable meeting. William Bewley is one of the firm of Faucett and Co., Henry Street, and Joshua Bewley carries on an extensive package tea trade in Sycamore Street.

I now come to one of the shining lights of the Bewleys. For many years head of the great medical depot of Bewley and Evans, Lower Sackville Street, he lately dissented from the Friends and joined the Evangelical party, with whom he had been quietly operating for years; but it was not until the building of Merrion Hall that Henry Bewley became generally and publicly known individually. To erect the building several parties combined, but their joint subscriptions were inadequate, when Henry Bewley advanced twelve thousand pounds to carry out the project. It is built of brick, after the style of the Spurgeon Tabernacle in Southwark; the interior is capable of containing five thousand persons, and is chastely and elegantly arranged with four galleries, extending all round, and the platform and desk raised from the lower floor like a dais, opposite the entrance. Henry Bewley performs the duty of a good citizen, without ostentation; his personal attention and his purse are always at the service of the cause he has adopted. Besides the hall, he is head of the firm of Bewley and Draper, Mary Street, wine and brandy merchants and soda water manufacturers, thus, if supplying the bane, they also do the antidote; the tract depôt in D'Olier Street, to assist in saving sinners; the steam printing establishment in Abbey Street, to print those tracts, and also generally for the public; and has lately added a photographic gallery—altered the firm to Bewley and Hamilton, where saints and sinners can be equally accommodated with

sketches of "Phiz". The "Duncan Gibb", in which vessel I arrived from Quebec, as described in Vol. i., was built about forty years since by Samuel Bewley and Sons, William Street, not by Wilson, Son, and Co., as recited, having been chartered to the latter.

THE WEST END.

Having already given a sketch of Thomas Street about forty years since—the squalid cellars, inhabited by the outcasts of social life, the pariahs of civilization, and dingy shops and stores well suited for the locality of smugglers of renown, where guagers understood the "tip", and all classes the advantages of "a run" from the still, followed, as a matter of course, by continual scenes of low dissipation of the worst description, still it was no worse than similar trading streets in the great Babylon in the neighbourhood of the Thames. The change which has taken place in both within the past twenty years is a marvel of the age, and that useful lever, the crowbar, has demolished an enormous amount of sin, aided by the resuscitating musical instrument, the trowel, whose cheerful ringing sound, wielded by a muscular arm, presaged the march onwards of light and life, humanitarianism and comfort. The district was always celebrated as a trading one, and Arthur Guinness, Ned Byrne, Silvester Costigan, Manders, John Power, Adam Calvert, and many others, make it world-renowned in commercial circles.

After the failures in 1852, the greater portion of the wholesale grocery trade centred in Thomas Street, which has ever since held the sway, and the accumulation of wealth by the different merchants there has proved their energy and business habits.

One of the first levellers and improvers, Alderman Bul-

fin, who, in the room of a lot of dingy old fabrics, erected a most commodious wholesale warehouse of great extent, with vaults running throughout, and forming a great *entrepôt* for everything in his line of trade. Henry Patison, who succeeded to Adam Calvert's extensive trade and concerns, with half an acre of stores and stabling in the rere, uprooted the old cursis stream flagging, famous for giving rheumatism in damp weather, tore away the antiquated counters and drawers, demolished the quaint, dingy little office in which my venerated friend Adam Calvert, spent so many years of his life—in fact, levelled up everything by levelling down incongruities, and his concern is a model one. Having established a great trade, he takes the world easy, quietly circulates a considerable amount of his winnings in charity, lives in a splendid country house at Loughlinstown, looks after his horticultural collection. Joshua Abell ground him well in philosophy; and he can discourse on astronomy, mechanics, and general subjects, and occasionally interests his friends with a synopsis of the heavens through a telescope of great magnifying power, which he purchased at the last Paris exhibition.

Baker, Wardell, and Co.'s establishment has always been an extensive one, from the time of the celebrated house of P. and P. Larkin, their predecessors; still the great annual extension of their business required more room, and as opportunity offered, it was acquired, first by building large stores at the rere, with entrance in Francis Street; this had to content them for several years, their lease of Thomas Street house was too short to admit of expenditure without tenant right, for the benefit of others. Some time in the year 1867 the lease expired, the property was landed in the Estates Court, and pur-

chased by John Wardell, who had it levelled to the foundation; and in 1868, when the scaffolding was removed, there appeared a splendid building, four stories in height, of hard-cut granite, plate glass windows, an elegant suite of offices, sale-rooms, and upper flats; and if Peter Larkin's ghost ever revisits the spot, he would imagine our old friend Aladdin had been using his lamp. The adjoining house and concerns shortly after were in the market, purchased and annexed as a store, with entrance in Thomas Street. In pursuing his trade avocations, which a few hours, attention daily serves his purpose, he cultivated other social matters, quietly dispensed his offering to the needy, built a fine mansion near Rathfarnham castle, formed a choice collection of paintings, selected a choice stud for his own and family service, and wends his way as meekly as when Adam Calvert's apprentice. The tea and sugar trade carried on by this and the other Thomas Street firms is enormous.

Patrick Pilsworth also purchased his concerns adjoining B., W., and Co.'s, and I think was in advance in his levelling, rooted the foundation, and built an elegant grocery instead of the dozy old one, extended his improvements to James Street, where he followed the same course, pulled down two houses, and erected two instead, with all the modern improvements. Pillsworth is a good citizen, a valuable poor law guardian, and should be a member of our town council.

Joseph Garratt, bound by lease to his late concern, when nearly expired, purchased some old houses opposite B., W., and Co.'s, erected a very elegant and extensive establishment on their site, with ample room above and below, and adding another ornament to the street, being a fine, portly looking "friend", about six feet two inches,

independent of the inducements like his neighbours he offers to buyers, he forms an attraction as a specimen of the *genus homo*. His trade is of great extent. He is a J.P., and a governor of the Incurable Hospital, which he attends closely to.

John Gavan has followed out the career traced out for him by his respected brother Patrick, who died in 1850, greatly regretted. He has added to his business with all due diligence and credit.

One of the most prominent wholesale and retail concerns in the street is P. M. Gleeson's, adjoining Catherine's Church. It has been completely rebuilt in a modern handsome style of brick; frontage, facing citywards, about 140 feet; in the line of street, about 30 feet. P. M. Gleeson quietly pursued his business when in connection with his late partner, E. Holdright, and succeeded to the concern on his death. His trade is yearly increasing. Affable and gentlemanly, he is a general favourite, and making a rapid fortune.

The indomitable John Bebe is yearly increasing his steam power, and the fame of his bottled drinks; having selected a new line of conducting the trade, he enjoys the benefit of his enterprise; and in taking every opportunity of perfecting his system, his business is carried on with little trouble. The quantity of Guinness's porter bottled by him and delivered in cases, is enormous, independent of his extensive wine, brandy, and whiskey sales. Having inspected his books this year, the income-tax commission added 150 per cent. to his valuation of income in 1867. Happy fellow! his partner and assistant is one of the most amiable of her sex, and gracefully superintends the ordering department for two or three hours, when she slips quietly to Westland Row, and by

rail rejoins her young home responsibilities at their marine villa, Merrion.

Richard Hunt is about thirteen years in trade, having graduated with the eminent firm of Baker, Wardell, and Co., an industrious trader, a most intelligent and worthy burgess, and an attentive paterfamilias. Some time since, on taking up a scrap book in his drawing room, I was agreeably surprised at an interesting sketch of his genealogy, from which I discovered he was descended direct from the De Vere Hunt, one of Cromwell's officers, who settled in Curragh, county Limerick, and Glangoole, county Tipperary, in 1657. Hunt is a native of the latter, where his family resided from above period. I like the honourable pride of a man keeping such a record, which incites him and his descendents to follow the virtues of their forefathers, and avoid their faults.

Richard Hunt is on the steady road to wealth, and I presume will invest in some of the old family lands when opportunity arrives. Mrs. Hunt is daughter of the late Charles C. Farrell, the well-known auctioneer and wool merchant, of Lower Ormond Quay, and their little son, about six years old, is a fine specimen of a Cromwellian and Celtic cross. Hunt has a taste for the fine arts, won several valuable prizes at Art Unions, and could sketch a landscape or a customer as readily as measure a butt of old malt.

Robert Moon—Hunt's opposite neighbour—graduated also with B., W., and Co., is three years pushing away and investing. A native of the celebrated Dungannon, Tyrone, and one of the few handsome settlers we have from that region, his dark silken flowing beard would be a cosy spot for some southern fair one to nestle her head in. Friend Moon! follow Hunt's example, and it will

sweeten your toil, and specially avoid "girls of the period", although, unfortunately for the independence of Erin, the brave Edward Bruce lost his cause and his head in coming so far south, and your progenitor, with others, had to flit back to the black north, you will find many Leinster lasses well disposed to win your heart instead of head, if you seek the opportunity before the cares of accumulation render the former "flinty".

Our dark brown-eyed Milesian, Patrick Dolan, T.C., and P.L.G., has knocked two houses into one opposite Meath Street, modernised the front and interior, spends about six hours in the week at his business, invests the proceeds, attends the city hall and south union; a steady, affable, honest citizen, he is likely before long to occupy the mansion house.

Denis Daly has remodeled his establishment, corner of Bridgefoot Street, classically called "Dirty Lane". It is very elegantly stuccoed and plate glass windowed; and Daly and his attentive helpmate enjoy the satisfaction of having made their exertions tell.

The opposite corner—Soap and Candle Company's stores, *unlimited*, Albert Stephen director, formerly J. and J. Fitzpatrick's—was completely rebuilt by John Fitzpatrick before his death, one of the largest manufacturers and exporters of his day; a handsome, florid complexioned, estimable citizen. He exported largely to the West Indies, and in 1836 was the only individual who ever imported a cargo of sugar from Jamaica to Dublin. Late in life he married the eccentric blue stocking, the widow Storey, sister to the Mat Brett, solicitor, resulting in the introduction of W. J. Fitzpatrick, our celebrated author and compiler. Mocr of Jamaica was Fitzpatrick's cor-

respondent, and I think his son Charles was the late member for Tipperary, and brother-in-law to W. J. Fitzpatrick. I met the old lady a short time since, and rejoiced to see her looking so well after losing her mind at Marlborough Street chapel. Perhaps the parish of St. Catherine's, the place of my nativity, may account for my lengthened notice; but I have an attachment for the district, and

“Oft in the stilly night”,

smoking a Francis Street pipe and O'Farrell's cut caven-dish,

“Ere slumber's chains hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me”.

In alluding to the squalid cellars and dingy warehouses forty years past, I must except the two noble concerns of the revived period of independence from '82 to the Union. The noble pile of building formerly erected by a quaker banker named Dawson eighty years since, then occupied by O'Connor, wholesale soap and candle factory, now by O'Farrell and Sons—Matthew and Francis O'Farrell,—the celebrated tobacconists and soap boilers. Lofty apartments, extended frontage, noble gateway, and extensive yard and stores in the rere. It was the residence and place of business of the prince merchants of the day, and would grace any commercial city at the present period; having full occupation for those premises, O'Farrells have a new and most extensive factory in North King Street. The banker, Dawson, had twenty-one children, supplying the large house with native tenants. One of his daughters married William Hutcheson, of Mount Heaton, Queen's County.

The equally spacious house and stores, between

Gleeson's and Bebe's, was celebrated as the residence and business place of Arthur M'Kenna and Sons, one of whom had been an alderman in the reformed corporation. It is now occupied by C. and P. Wood, sons of the late well-known wholesale victualler and army and navy contractor, Christopher Wood, of Bow Street, brothers to Edward Wood of Great Britain Street, family grocer and wine merchant, and nephew to the late venerable and respected Thomas Kelly of Cope Street.

John Meagher, a disciple of P. Dolan's, has been seven years in the premises formerly Neal Reddy's, and subsequently in the possession of a real worthy fellow, Thomas Duffy. Meagher is rarely absent from his business, which is considerable; a dark-eyed, black-haired young fellow, proving his common sense by becoming a Benedict.

There is an elegant establishment belonging to the fair and interesting widow of P. Leahy; how she remained impregnable to the present I cannot conceive, unless from the pure unselfishness of her nature with regard to the happiness of her children.

I was nearly forgetting the old establishment of Colgan and Co., next to Roe's distillery. There it stands as it was forty years past, and appears impervious to neighbouring influences; but they have long since realised, and can afford to do what they like with their own.

Henry and George Roe are still extending their premises, their trade, and their popularity. Having erected ample stores for their corn, they appear to have endowed the pigeons and other neighbours on the wing with the lofty old mill, and for whose sustenance there is always an ample supply of corn. They have recently erected a noble chimney shaft, both useful and ornamental, forming

a strong contrast to the one erected 'by some Vandal projector in the bank of Ireland, over its noble pile, and destroying the effect of its classic beauty. Away with it and the caricature of Tom Moore to the mud of the Anna Liffey.

Michael Egan, a steady-going prudent fellow, doing a good trade; also a bachelor. All my eloquence could not move him to purchase *Saint Catherine's Bells*; but having been at the lord mayor's ball, given to the Prince and Princess of Wales, he heard some of the royal party speaking of the work as their guide book to Dublin, and especially an introduction to its corporation celebrities. The following day Michael supplied himself with the volume, approves of it, and hoards it as a reminiscence of his presence at the royal festivities.

TENANT RIGHT IN THE WEST.

Walk from Hunt's corner at Meath Street to Saint Catherine's church, and you must feel interested at the range of tables, baskets, sieves, etc., ranged along the footway kerb, presided over by old and young matrons and young women and girls, with an inviting supply of fresh codfish, hake, plaice, conger-eels, cut into junks and sold by the piece to accommodate the small buyers with nutritious and wholesome white meat; also mackerel, Dublin bay herrings, onions, cabbages, etc. This little market is doubly interesting: first in giving employment to an honest and industrious class of females, and again in their privileges, which have been confirmed by the magistrates despite repeated police interference, ended by the last decision—those people are decreed to hold their market there, in Patrick Street, and Moore Street, by prescriptive right. I cannot give my fair readers the prices;

were I to inquire and not purchase, besides floods of eloquence, I might be pegged with hake heads, or thrashed out of the street with conger-eels, some of which are near four feet in length.

I cannot leave Saint Catherine's without another ring. Bell-founding was frequently attempted in this country in remote times; but it is only within the last forty years, and in the hands of our spirited townsman, John Murphy, success has been achieved. He and other Dublin manufacturers have been exporting their musical instruments to all parts of the world, from the deep sound of the funeral knell to the joyous chimes of the Christmas peal, sounding throughout our land, from the highest belfry to the tinkle of the household notes.

In this trade a "Saint Catherine's" artist has made himself famous, and through the skill and enterprise of John Murphy, Saint Catherine's bells can be heard chiming throughout the universe.

Opposite Mrs. Leahy's, corner of Marshalsea Lane, is the elegant and extensive concern in which the late highly respected John Keogh carried on trade for about forty years. Having retired some years since, he died in 1868, at Haddington Road, full of years and universally regretted. The concerns are now occupied by William Brophy, purveyor, and owner of Kilmainham Mills.

Peter Fowler, corner of Francis Street, is threatening every year to retire to his country estates; but it is a most difficult thing for a citizen to retire into the comparative solitude of country life, and he appears to dread such a banishment from his old haunts.

Samuel H. and T. Baker, nephews of the late Samuel Baker, have recently opened an elegant grocery at 77, next B., W., and Co. I wish them every success.

William Dempsey's elegant wine and spirit establishment stands boldly out from the corner of Francis Street. It has been erected about six years, and decorated and painted in a very superior artistic style by John Brennan, of Great Brunswick Street, well known for his business habits, his skill as an artist and employer. and his good humour and *bon mots*. Dempsey has also the corner house at James and Watling Street, another in Stephen's Street, and another in Golden Lane, giving him votes in four distinct wards of the city, and has been recently elected T.C. for Wood Quay ward.

The Colgans, Widow Gallagher, a fine specimen of a hostess, and the Earlys, are the oldest residents in the street. The Earlys are relatives of the celebrated "Pether Early of Swords".

There is a melancholy interest attached to this street.

At 151, forming the east part of J. and P. Dunnell and Sons' great wool store, in a two-pair back room, about twelve feet square by eight in height—the bullet marks still in the walls—occurred the tragic scene at the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who is interred in the inner vault of Werburgh's church, and the notorious major Sirr in the graveyard outside. And on the highest part of the city, nearly one hundred feet above Queen Street Bridge, outside the railings of Saint Catherine's church, and facing Bridgefoot Street, a noble enthusiast, a young representative scion of the dismayed constituency, whose representatives sold their country, maddened by the circumstances, driven into insurrection, he was arrested at Harold's Cross, and as if intended by providence as a beacon for his country, he was elevated on the gallows-tree, and on the spot described perished

ROBERT EMMETT.

During the period of the penal laws the western end became a city of episcopal churches; as if the established and endowed clergy of that persuasion intended to carry the population with them. Within a circuit of less than a mile, there were and still are nine churches, viz: Christ's, Werburgh's, Castle Chapel, Bride's, Nicholas Without, Nicholas Within, St. Michael's, St. John's, and Audeon's; while the Roman Catholics had to attend their worship in secret in a stable attached to the extensive concerns of Madden and Davis, 23 Merchant's Quay. What a change! Catholic churches now adorn the city in every direction; and in Thomas Street, on the site of the house where Sir Dominic Corrigan was born, and several adjacent ones, is erected the magnificent Catholic chapel in pure Gothic style of the Augustinian friary.

The new churches of all persuasions erected within the past twenty years are really astonishing, and the architectural style and solidity of workmanship are a credit to the founders and contractors. A description of those various buildings would form an interesting subject for a writer having a calling in that line.

There is no question whatever but that the mania of teetotalism, like other fanatical and ephemeral social revolutions, resulted in incalculable mischief, and its special result was sweeping away a whole generation of prosperous traders and hosts of people depending on them, without leaving the slightest trace of benefit conferred. From the earliest age the fig and the vine were amongst the luxuries planted and propagated for man's use, and the fermented juice of the latter the favourite and invigorating drink of man. If Noah became inebriated as recorded on one occasion, there was some excuse for the fine old patriarch in thus exhibiting his joy

on again recovering his mother earth, by quaffing her choicest nectar in celebrating the event. Abraham and Lot, I believe entertained angels in their visits with the nourishing and joyous beverage, and our Saviour would not suffer the wedding guests of Gallilee to imbibe the aqueous fluid, but converted it into wine. He and His disciples used wine as their habitual drink, and He directed its use as an emblem of our faith in the celebration of the Eucharist.

I think our native alcoholic whiskey, and sound malt liquor, for which Dublin is celebrated, most doctors will admit, in our variable and treacherous climate, are wholesome, cheering, and invigorating as the wine of Shiraz to the Persians, or the numerous other classifications of the fermented grape juice throughout the globe. Of course moderation or temperance in the use of them is a fair subject for moralists to indoctrinate, and the more disciples they obtain, the better for society in every grade; but let not that moderation be too much stinted, or it will lapse into excess, as in the case of many other reactions. Nor should they in reasoning with their disciples on excess of drink, forget the equally abusive and more sensual excess of gluttony.

Let our philanthropists commence at the root of the evil of intemperance, close all drinking bars, including club houses and hotels, on Sundays, agitate for a drunkard's reformatory as in the United States, where they are treated as lunatics and put under restraint, not farcically fined; charge such as can pay, or put those who cannot on the pauper's list. Three to six or twelve months' imprisonment would be found a perfect cure; and induce our capitalists to invest some of the hoards of wealth they have accumulated and lying useless as "the

one talent" in a *bona fide* undertakings throughout the country, than which there is none better suited for innumerable investments in manufactures, mining, etc., etc., provided no non-resident directory are permitted, but managed on the spot and under the fostering eyes of the proprietors. Let them give our people an opportunity of earning a "fair day's wages for a fair day's work", and terminate the exodus to other lands which they enrich by their skill and industry, and thus, before it is too late, retain a remnant of the people before the country is denuded altogether of its bone and sinew, and placed in the unenviable position of seeking immigration from other lands, as has often occurred before, to fill up the vacuum. It would be a strange turn of the wheel to import Chinese as in America and Australia. Let them build comfortable cottages for their homes outside the city, free from its enormous taxation, at reasonable not usurious rents, in healthy localities, instead of the squalid, filthy, ill-ventilated domiciles in which they now dwell in the back slums of the city, give them healthy open spaces for their children's playground, instead of sniffing up the foul odours from the sewer sinks as they creep about, afraid to play, to run, to laugh; where no marbles, tops, hoops, or skipping is allowed under the dread terrors of the police, whose orders are to hunt them back to their dens, or bring them as criminals to the station house. Give our working people an interest in home comforts and temperance; morality, cleanliness, and civilization will follow.

The improvements which have been made in establishments for public accommodation within a few years past have been most striking, and in proving the necessity, have added greatly to the ornamental department of the

city. The old ill ventilated public houses which stood prominently in our leading thoroughfares, have been remodelled, and, in a great many cases, have been rebuilt. There is little use in our distilleries and breweries, if their productions are not to be consumed, and, certainly, the individual who caters to the public taste, supplying it with beverage of the best quality in saloons fitted up with taste and elegance, without adding to the price of the liquids consumed, deserves the public patronage.

I think C. and J. Kennedy's in Capel Street was the first of those drinking palaces erected, followed by Thomas Fortune in Golden Lane, Capel Street, and Grafton Street; Patrick Ryan, Hawkins Street and Townsend Street; Thomas Coonan, College Street; D. Doyle, Fleet Street; R. Bolger, Grafton Street and Duke Street; Bolger and Co., Sackville Street, Eden Quay, and Henry Street; Brady, Stephen's Green.

Patrick Ryan's is really a splendid drinking hall, embellished with Mannix's exquisite paintings, the interior stucco and figures by Giblan, Brothers, of Brunswick Street, and the large plate glass windows impressed as if engraved, are really elegant.

Thomas Coonan's, forming half the circular front facing Brunswick Street and extending along College Street, is another elegant establishment. Denis Doyle's, forming the other circle, and extending along Fleet Street, is equally celebrated.

John Walsh's College Hotel, formed by three large houses in Fleet Street, extending through to College Street, is well fitted up, most comfortable in appointments, and my Wexford friend John is a favourite. A few years since he received the thanks of the postmaster general for saving the mails in a flood in the county

Wexford, and riding with them to Dublin. Walsh is proprietor of Park House and lands, Sandymount.

Thomas Wright's establishment in Townsend Street is celebrated for groceries and liquids, bottles Guinness's XX, and has a provision store annexed.

Anthony Cullen purchased and remodelled the old Manx Tavern, Fleet Street, in very elegant style as the Bank Tavern, and is well supported by the public.

P. Kenny, North Earl Street, about a year since completed his alterations, which are also very elegant. The interior is ornamented with al fresco landscape and figures of very superior execution, by Weir of the Theatre Royal, subjects, Irish scenery, the bay of Dublin, Howth and lighthouses, Killiney, Kingstown, a very pretty sketch of the road to the Strawberry beds, foot of the hill, with Irish jaunting car fully loaded; large mirrors are placed facing them, and the reflection has a very pleasing effect. Kenny is a man of literary tastes, and received a collegiate education.

A CITY TRAVELLER OF THE OLDEN SCHOOL.

Amongst my old commercial friends I must not omit J. B. Ryan, of Vavasour Square. More than thirty years since, he commenced in an extensive grocery establishment in Baggot Street. After a few years, becoming a weighty man in politics as in flesh, he disposed of his concerns, preferring an active life, which he has pursued ever since, as a commercial agent, and is closely connected with one of the old leading wholesale houses. He is as benevolent and good-humoured looking an Irishman (from Tipperary) as will be met with, a good weight for his height (under the middle standard), possesses great information and intelligence, and during business

hours is perpetually moving about with his light outside and black mare. He was a great favourite with O'Connell in the Association, and an influential man in his ward and throughout the city in the potent days of Repeal, being a good speaker and to the purpose. The political excitement having passed away, he sticks closer to his business and investments. He has an extensive family connection in trade, forming a small host of customers in themselves. He is a favourite amongst all, and his sound advice and good offices have often proved of great value; whilst many a happy and prosperous couple are indebted to him for an introduction at a pic-nic or evening party. To men approaching his own age he speaks like a father, and with his salutation his snuff box is presented in the good old-fashioned style, often being first tapped to shake the small pungent portion to the top. In his own house his quiet hospitality is well known, and at a pic-nic he is in his glory. I often meet him through town and admire the quiet agility and grace with which he descends from, or mounts his vehicle, which for a man of fourteen stone weight is no trifle. He is a man of great practical information, much reading, speaks well and to the purpose on general subjects.

O'Connell appointed him to a situation under the newly reformed corporation, and he was shamefully treated by the corporation afterwards. I have in my possession a card, of the No. 278, St. Mary's Parochial Reform Dinner.

"The Independent Club of St. Mary's parish, will entertain their secretary, John B. Ryan, Esq., at the Great Mart Rooms, 18 Denmark Street, on Tuesday, 2nd January, 1838, as a mark of their regard and esteem for his indefatigable services.

“The Liberator and R. Hutton, Esq., M. P., are invited to attend”.

J. B. Ryan is a capital specimen of the commercial politician—a class rapidly disappearing; but for some years his agitation has been confined to more profitable duties. When he does flit to the upper regions—which I trust may be a long time off—from his extensive connections I have no doubt he will have a jolly wake—perhaps with his invisible presence enjoying the sport—and a couple of miles of carriages attending the hauling home to Glasnevin, previous to which event he should direct the snuff-box to be nailed following the scroll on his coffin.

Thomas Rogers called on me fifteen years since about taking one of my houses, North Strand, to die in. He has a capital establishment, and looks as if he would be alive fifty years hence.

Robert Healy is the same bustling little man he ever was, ruddy complexioned, cheerful, and affable, he has done well in his pursuit, and sticks to it like a bee.

John Reilly started from Gardiner's about ten years since, and minding his business, it has been rapidly extending. He is a worthy citizen, and his ingenious contrivance for extending his shop by a moveable partition is well worthy of inspection.

John Murphy of Manor Street is still pursuing his even way, every year quietly adding to his bank stock, and is a credit to Oylegate, county Wexford.

William M'Loughlin, Queen Street, although a young fellow, has become quite a patriarch, adding to his family and his sinews of war for their benefit as he steadily moves on.

The amiable widow Gardiner is still a widow, ever

active in her establishment, without any apparent tendency to change her condition.

Thomas Nolan, Britain Street, works away as if beginning the world, investing as he goes along. About three years since he formed an interesting partnership, and has become an adept at dry-nursing.

T. J. Murphy keeps close to his quarters, and prospers accordingly. Those Wexford men, like others, work hard for independence.

My old friend Arthur Sharpley, still ever bustling and hard-working, is a real model man for energy.

Michael M'Donnell, his opposite neighbour, has transformed a dingy-looking old concern into a very elegant grocery and spirit establishment; a black-whiskered, well-looking Benedict.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a young widow of five or six years, is doing a capital business, has a fine establishment, and singularly keeps it to herself. Modern bachelors must have become very bashful or uninteresting.

Michael Lynch, Green Street, added heavily to his weight and purse since he started in business some fifteen years past, and is an excellent specimen of a thriving business.

Michael Stapleton, whose good face and figure won a fine girl and a fortune, takes care of both, adding yearly to his trade and live stock.

P. J. Burke, a well-looking muscular Tipperary man, has ably boxed his corner in Dame Street, and is active enough to do so should an opportunity arise elsewhere.

John M'Loughlin, Dean Street, is a long time in trade, has made good use of his time, and is much respected.

Philip Redmond, T. C., Wexford Street and Kingstown, has been many years a respected T. C. and fundholder, astute and clever in council, and unbiassed in his course of action. He is brother to the amiable Canon Redmond of Arklow, and to one of my oldest trade friends, Maurice Redmond, the facetious and talented writer on many subjects in the *Tribune*, 1862-3.

Wm. Pillar has considerably curtailed the broad brim in accordance with modern reform amongst the Friends, uses the idiom with less emphasis, and sometimes speaks in ordinary Christian style. His establishment has always been remarkably neat and stocked with good value. Like old Father Jacob, his live stock and business stock have thriven, whilst his outer man and sunny face form a contrast to some of the respected confraternity of Eustace Street.

M. Kerrigan, Camden Street, has quietly and steadily pursued his way to independence, has two capital establishments, and is highly esteemed.

Bernard Daly, when a young fellow twenty years since, was burned out in Essex Street, flitted into Charlotte Street, where he changed an old concern into a very handsome and extensive modern one, and enjoys a considerable share of public support, which he well deserves.

Patrick Daniel, of Rathmines, a thirty years resident, has always carried on a first-class trade, notwithstanding the keen competition from S. Findlater and Co., adjoining. He has long since boxed his corner, and built extensively in the township.

John Kavanagh, William Street, started, I think, about a year after Theobald Matthew's raid, notwithstanding which, after the relapse in a few years, he made a fortune, and has been ever adding to it since, which he en-

joys without ostentation, and holds a high position as a wholesale spirit dealer and a man of wealth and repute.

Thomas Ryan, of Baggot Street, is an old established, respected, and wealthy trader. Like Father Abraham, in his advanced days he commenced raising stock, and has a large family and ample fortune for them.

James Brady, of Golden Lane, has long since acquired wealth, and is a very extensive wholesale whiskey dealer.

Laurence Morissey made a fortune in Pembroke Street, purchased two houses in South King Street, one of which he rebuilt as a very elegant whiskey palace, and well deserves his success. He has been a traveller in America, and seen life.

Long, of Dawson Street, has an excellent concerns, new and tastefully laid out in a very commanding position, of which he is reaping the full advantage.

George McKenna, after thirty years trading, retired with an ample fortune and a young wife. He sold his concern to William Burke, his near neighbour. My old friend George has purchased very considerable property in the north.

John McGauran is one of the seniors of the trade, a man of great respect, great energy in his extensive business. Commenced life with wealth, which he has been forty years adding to.

John Stafford, Denzille Street, a shrewd, intelligent Wexford man, has succeeded in acquiring wealth and respect, and is a great favourite with those who know him. Has been a close reader and observer, possesses very general information, and is a hard hitter in an argument.

Michael Donnelly, Marlborough Street, one of the respected fathers of the trade, wears well for his years; suffers an occasional touch of the gout, an emblem of

comfort, but not a comfortable companion. As an old friend, I often preach to him to retire, but the fact is, men of business, when half a century in harness, would pine away if deserting it. M. Donnelly has been investing those thirty or forty years, and his investment, in raising and educating his son, is a source of happiness in his decline of life.

Peter J. Donnelly, a young scion of the grocery trade, son to M. Donnelly, Marlborough Street, is a credit to his order. Educated at Clongowes College, he imbibed a love of literature, and acquired an education sufficient to bring him through life with *eclat*. Since the days of Tom Moore and Curran, an ambition appeared to have inspired many of the sons of the grocers and spirit dealers of Ireland, and Judge Monahan, Sergeant Sullivan, with many others, are perhaps indebted to the inspiration derived from the poet and the orator for their elevation. Donnelly is a handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired young fellow, about five feet nine, of gentlemanly, unassuming manners. Yet, hush girls! he is married, and the daughter of my old friend John Sandford found a happy home and an agreeable partner. In the cause of charity young Donnelly has lectured repeatedly at the Rotundo on literary subjects, and always attracted a full attendance. At his father's desire he followed business instead of a profession, and, at all events, adhered to the best paying side.

My old friend, John Cranwell, a few years since commenced in Temple Bar (Cranston's old establishment), where his genuine worth, respectability, business habits, and off-handed style are sure to succeed.

John Sandford, another old friend, is at least five-and-thirty years in Fleet Street, and with general respect.

He long since commenced investing in the funds, avoiding such shares as the Galway Packet Station, Metropolitan Railway, and bubble Insurance Companies. His son, James Sandford, a dapper young commercial, is well known on the road for intelligence, activity, and business habits.

Francis Faulkner, one of the seniors in the trade, has been in business about forty years, has always held a first class position, carried on a most extensive family trade, latterly having his son Francis as his partner. Their concerns are very extensive, and they have a branch house in London. F. Faulkner was High Sheriff of the city about the year 1840, and was educated in Trinity College.

Patrick Power, Henry Street, married a daughter of the well known and respected John Clarke, succeeded to his two establishments and a share of his wealth. He is in the prime of life, highly respected, and with his son minds his trade, and deservedly prospers.

Matthew Reigh, of Fairview, went to school to the celebrated O'Gallagher many years since. He was considerably our senior at the period, fully developed, about six feet in height, and escaped the pedagogue's persecution in deference to his muscular style. He succeeded his brother, William, some time since, and is the principal family grocer in his district.

Charles G. Malone has flitted from the extensive but straggling old premises in Stephen's and George's Street, to one of the sunniest spots in the city. About thirty years since a wealthy old grocer named Hamilton, after carrying on business for about fifty years, died at Upper Ormond Quay. The premises were very extensive, built in the substantial style of the period, well suited for a

grocer, wine and spirit merchant, and after passing through several occupiers, Malone is in possession, and has fitted it out with neat elegance. Charles Malone has given up "theeing and thouing", unless he meets an ancient friend. He occasionally appears in Henry Bewley's conventicle, and has trimmed his brim to perfection. Fifty years since, his father and uncle (J. and J. Malone, Stephen Street) horrified the Friends by becoming dealers in wine and spirits, and although I never heard it asserted that they did not enjoy the good things of life, yet, with their short-sighted ideas, they preferred buying from the gentiles to patronizing their own members in such a profane trade. But time wore along; with the broad brim and stiff collars and the thee and the thou, old prejudices disappeared, and now every grocer "Friend" deals in those once-prohibited articles; and as specimens of their moderate use, only look at Tom Pim, Senior, and Tom Pim, Junior, in contrast with the Haughton family, and say where the advantage lies. I trust friend Charley Malone may live as long and thrive as well as his ancient predecessor in No. 12 Upper Ormond Quay.

James M'Dermott some years since purchased the old-established and thriving concern of John Smith and Co., Sackville Street, and has added new vigour to the business.

Laurence Keegan, of Moore Street and Britain Street, has been amassing for the past forty years, and it is almost time for his sons to vote him into the Town Council. As he is an attentive poor-law guardian, those two public departments would occupy his time, amuse him, and keep him from where he is not now required. A man of good sterling common sense, and no amplification of "cheek", he would make a most useful addition to the city fathers.

Patrick G. O'Loughlin, Gardiner Street and Margaret Place, succeeded his late uncle and partner years since. I have known them since my first appearance as "a bag-man", and held them in esteem.

Richard Keating has been a member of the new corporation since its commencement, and a valuable and constant attendant.

I have known Alderman Joseph M'Cann since '35; highly respected in his ward, in the city, and City Hall. With the exception of his iron-gray locks, with his rosy complexion, expressive countenance, and tall, erect figure, his appearance is little changed.

In eighteen years John Egan, of Talbot Street, has, I think, established six distinct houses in Dublin and one in Kingstown, all adding grist to his mill. The Talbot Street one is very elegantly fitted out.

John Nagle, Earl Street, has been making cash and adding to his business since he commenced and entered into partnership with a sensible, fine King's County girl.

Having commenced twenty-five years since with ample means, William Russell's toils have been very light. Leaving the business management to his partner, he only pays an occasional flying visit. He has been some years a J.P., and looks hale enough to live those fifty years.

During the Peninsular War the well-known firm of Sneyd, French, and Barton sent a cargo of wines and other materials of commissariat to Wellington's army. Their supercargo was a sturdy, roundabout little man, with energetic habits and sprightly, intelligent countenance—a young employée in their office. After many dangers of "flood and field", young Campbell succeeded in supplying the "Iron Duke", and on his return was presented by the firm with a valuable reward of the order of

merit in the shape of a gold, jewelled watch, with suitable inscription. He shortly after commenced business adjoining them, and his sons and successors are the eminent firm of John and George Campbell.

William Burke, High Street, about twenty years in trade, has been most successful, the result of close application. His two establishments corner of Nicholas Street are very extensive; his trade as a retailer very considerable. A worthy citizen, in the prime of life, he well deserves his position

George Fairbairn, Christ Church Place, has for several years carried on a wholesale and family trade, and his attention, perseverance, good looks, and suavity of manner have proved successful with the public.

Patrick Murphy, son to the late well-known and respected John Murphy of Francis Street, is a fine specimen of the giant tribe of Wexford Murphys or M'Murroghs. For many years partner with his father, he succeeded to the establishment and a large portion of his wealth.

The late Richard Johnson carried on trade as family grocer and wine merchant in Grafton Street for many years. In declining years and increased wealth he entered into partnership with Nicholas Hopkins. Johnson was a man of sterling worth and common sense, mixed very little with his brother traders, resided with his family at Kingstown, and died a few years since, succeeded by my friend Hopkins—a man of similar type in habits and contour, well looking, well built, and long since independent.

I. and E. Wade, Charlemont Street, have long been well known and respected in the trade. Ignatius died some time since, much regretted, leaving the establishment to his brother Edward. The house has been well known for upwards of forty years—from the start of its

previous proprietor, John Spain, who left considerable property at his death. Their father was the well known Joseph Wade, of Bride Street, by his second wife.

James Magee, Rathgar Road, has been many years in trade, having another establishment in Lincoln Place, and has been deservedly successful.

M. Davis, his neighbour, succeeded P. Cahill four years since, is a general favourite, and has an excellent business.

James Cooney, a well-looking, jolly, fine specimen of a Wexford man, succeeded his uncle, Wm. Connick, on Inn's Quay, some years since, and has been strong in purse and person ever since.

Michael Nugent has recently renovated his two houses, corner of Sycamore Street and Essex Street. They are fitted up in very elegant style. In a few years he realised a handsome independence, and drives one of the nicest traps and one of the best horses in the city.

William Egan having died some months since, in the prime of life, the extensive wholesale trade of William Egan and Co. is carried on by his managing partner, Hugh O'Donnell.

My old, stout-built, dark-eyed friend, Michael Reilly, of George's Street, is industrious as ever, turning out the five-year-old malt and putting up the "tin".

John Reilly, his nephew, in Pill Lane, has followed his uncle's example. He is a useful, intelligent poor-law guardian, and a prominent man in his ward.

M. O'Reilly, of the North Wall, is two or three years in trade, near the railway terminus, and is going ahead by steam, doing a large business with the numerous land and seamen connected with it.

Bogue and Strahan's, Eden Quay, has long been a depot

for Scotch immigrants and whiskey. Many years since William Todd commenced trade in the drawing-room as a dealer in carpets; and William Carleton resided there for several years, writing some of his popular works.

If the Scotch settlers in Dublin have a regard for by-gones, they should venerate the celebrated whiskey shop Burgh Quay and Hawkins Street. It was there William Burns first took his stand; from there he invited over hosts of his countrymen as an opening presented; from there originated the numerous Scotch groceries in city and country; and, as a consequence, the great monster house of Todd, Burns, and Co. His successor, James Weir, has little to trouble him; and, I presume, some of those days he will be erecting a handsome "kirk" at Kingstown or Dalkey, thus making one spiritual calling materially assist another. I met Wm. Burns a few months since, looking A 1, and much younger than he is. A portly, well-looking man, he strongly resembles the portrait of his celebrated uncle the Bard of Scotia.

SWEETS.

James Williams and Co. are going ahead in the steam confection factory, have added a large adjoining store to the premises, supply most of the wholesale trade, who, to their credit, support them in preference to London and Glasgow manufacturers, and take a national pride in their success. I have been recently through their concerns, and felt interested at the manipulation of the "sweets". With a powerful steam engine the loaves of sugar are crushed and sifted, the mixing troughs worked, the casting or formation of the different shapes performed, and the numerous large copper tossing pans twirled about. James and George

Williams are two smart young bachelors, worthy fellows, deserving every success. Girls, look out! if young fellows, well to do, hang on the shelf, you should agitate for a heavy bachelor tax, and until they are trapped do not say "sweets, to the sweet a long adieu". George Williams, senr., retired to his paternal property, county Carlow, on the death of his brother, and enjoys that rest from toil which he richly deserves.

James Rooney carried on business for years in Townsend Street, having the old chapel for his stores, and the fine old chapel house for his residence. He passed fourteen years as alderman of the ward, and some years since removed to other more central offices and stores, Cecilia Street. He has always been much respected, and his son and partner, John, a steady business man, is a general favourite, and subject to the impending bachelor tax.

At the commencement of the present century John Allingham served his time to Joseph Wade, the celebrated wholesale grocer of Bride Street. I. and I. Allingham have been fifty years in trade, having remodelled and greatly extended their premises and wine vaults, John, the surviving partner, retired in favour of his sons, who are well schooled to business.

Marshall and Hinton have removed to the extensive premises formerly occupied by Callwells and Horner, Bachelor's Walk, and carry on a very extensive general wholesale trade.

John Scally and Co. some years since built a very elegant concern on Ormond Quay, to which they removed from Pill Lane. Shortly after being elected alderman, John Scally died, much regretted, leaving the business to his brother and nephew. Michael Scally has been

always a clever business man, and his well-looking nephew follows his example; their trade all through being most extensive.

Joseph Begg graduated with the eminent firm of A. and J. Bagot, and for the last twenty-five years has been industriously pursuing the even tenor of his way. He is much more persevering than eloquent, and pays more attention to pounds, shillings, and pence, than to politics.

George Fitzgerald has been rapidly going ahead in his elegant concerns, Brunswick Buildings. I sometimes drop in to sweep the cobwebs off my throat with a glass of Capdepon's pale sherry—real nectar—and have looked in vain for cobwebs in their vaults, rather a dangerous place for spiders to nestle in. He has lately been appointed wine merchant to the viceroy.

TIMBER AND FRUIT.

Dublin has always been a favourite place for Danes and Swedes, and some of our most estimable countrymen are descended from the old stock of invaders and civilizers. After the period of the decimation of our forests in the civil wars, and especially during the reign of Queen Bess, who had them hewn down in every direction to hunt out the aborigines, the scarcity of timber required a foreign supply, and Norway ships and skippers and sailors have continuously made the port their destination, and many worthy individuals of the Scandinavian race of the peaceful school have settled amongst us: amongst others the well known and respected brothers, J. and J. Carson, of Sir John's Quay, who, from a very humble position, became "ships' husbands" to the fleet of timber vessels belonging to the great firm of Thomas Wilson and Sons, which ceased to exist on the decease of one of

our prince merchants, the late respected Thomas Wilson. His son Joseph became a millionaire, and being satisfied with his position and repute of his father, whose honoured name he worthily upholds, allowed their great trade to pass into other hands. The old and rival firm of John Martin and Sons still clings to the trade, extending it in every possible manner, giving great employment, both on shore and in the great fleet which ploughs the North Sea for Norway pines, the Gulf of St. Lawrence for logs, deals, spars, and staves, hewn and cut through the western forests, and brought to Quebec in the manner described in my previous volume. Within the last twenty years another great importer has pushed into eminence and competition; and William Carvill's vessels are constantly visitors of the port, and contribute to supply the great demand arising throughout the forestless land. Martins have a great steam saw-mills on the quays; Carvill at Orwell Road, on the banks of the Dodder, and on the site of Osprey's celebrated cotton print works. Many individuals have started in the trade, and disappeared; but I cannot pass our worthy fellow-citizen, Joseph Kelly, of Thomas Street, whose concerns are of great extent, taking an angular course into another branch in Francis Street. He is a fine specimen of the Munster Celt, being about double the size and weight of some of his tribe in the famous kingdom of the northwest. His powerful steam machinery can be heard at a considerable distance from either entrance, and his saw-mills send a continuous supply in all directions. I am not acquainted with him personally, but I understand he is well deserving the position he has achieved, and regret having omitted him in my west-end sketch, but, perhaps, here he is in a more legitimate position.

I cannot omit a celebrated timber merchant, who had neither fleet nor saw-mills, scorned the idea of importing, yet kept up a perpetual stock. In a large empty yard, with a high gateway entrance, having a dingy little office in the distance, bounded by Maiden Lane, of very dubious fame, at the east end, and surrounded frontwards by shops celebrated for old shoes, hats, rags, etc., presided the celebrated Thomas Bradley, in Golden Lane, opposite Chancery Lane, for half a century.

Tom was the Samaritan of the needy, and many a *nil desperandum* kept his head above water from his friendly aid. During the period of the usury laws, clever wits were employed to break through them; and Tom invested in a log of Honduras mahogany, knowing from its weight none of his customers would carry it off on their shoulders; and it would be a useless task to guess how often in the twenty-four hours that log has been sold, at cent. per cent., for stamped paper.

About five feet two, eight stone weight, with scorbutic face, Tom hopped about, when off duty, as if his wealth consisted of his seedy clothing, and always whispered to his friends that, to create a regular scrimmage after his death, he would never make a will. Early in life he married a fine woman, who died in her prime; and, as Tom had merged into the sere and yellow, he again ventured on the honeymoon, and dying shortly after without a will, gave the lawyers ample employment for several years, many of the distant relatives succeeding to unexpected wealth, and have good reason to remember

TOM BRADLEY'S LOG.

I shall conclude my mahogany polishing with the following. At the time when tobacco, brandy, etc., were

run into port, or nabbed if there was a sharp look-out, a trim-built schooner, in the haze of an October afternoon, was passing the Pigeon House Fort, with the tide and a light wind. The wide-awakes were at once in activity, and shouted out, "Schooner, ahoy! What is your cargo?" responded to by the skipper, "'Timber and fruit". Ordered to haul to, the little vessel pursued her course. On deck appeared some piles very like bales of the Virginian weed, and a shot from the Fort quickly brought her to. In breathless exertion she was boarded by the coastguard, who, to their chagrin, found her to be an Arklow boat, freighted with potatoes and heath brooms.

A GENERAL SKETCH.

In olden times the refining of sugar and building of ships formed a leading feature in the manufactures of Dublin, at the period when the Liberty was in its glory, and the woollen and silk manufactures were the pride of the land, when many well-to-do citizens had their hogshead of claret or port, sherry or Madeira in their cellars, with vents and taps tempting the operation of the housewife or parlour-maid to fill the tankard to the brim, often to be replenished at their hospitable tables. With the Union all those glories vanished: the English manufacturers and statesmen carried their project of crushing the woollen trade according to the text of Lord Deputy Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, in one of his letters dated 25th July, 1666:

"There was little or no manufactures amongst them (the Irish), but some small beginnings towards a clothing trade, which I had, and so should still discourage all I could, in regard it would trench not only on the clothings of England, being our staple commodity, so as if

they should manufacture their own wool, which grew in very great quantities, we should lose not only the profit we made now by dressing their wools, and it might be feared they may beat us out of the trade itself by under-selling us, which they were well able to do".

As a non-competing manufacture, Strafford, I may say, originated the growth of flax and the manufacture of linen, imported skilled workmen from the Low Countries and seed from Holland, and embarked thirty thousand pounds of his private fortune in the business, having had upwards of fifty looms at work previous to his being beheaded. The Duke of Ormond, viceroy under Charles the Second, followed up this policy, imported five hundred families from Brabant, others from Rochelle, the Isle of Ré, and Jersey. He built tenements at Chapelizod, where three hundred hands were employed making cordage, sail-cloth, ticking, and as good linen and diaper of Irish yarn as was made in any country of Europe. He established a similar settlement in Carrick. Notwithstanding the discouragement of the woollen trade, it advanced rapidly, and at the end of Charles the Second's reign the value of woollen exports was £110,000, whilst that of linen was but £10,000 per annum. In 1862 there were 105 flax and jute factories, employing 44,000 people, with 13,343 horse steam power, 4,666 power looms, 594,805 spindles; total number of hands employed 200,000, flax annually consumed 35,000 tons, value £2,000,000; annual value of linen produced £8,000,000; capital engaged between £5,000,000 and £6,000,000; exports from Ireland £6,000,000.

In 1698 the parliament of England memorialled William the Third to check the woollen trade of Ireland, as injurious to England, and promote the linen trade in-

stead. William replied, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland, and encourage the linen manufacture". After the meeting of the Volunteers at Dungannon and the independence of the Irish parliament, the woollen trade made rapid strides under the support of the latter; but on the Union being an accomplished fact, the trade died gradually out with the exception of friezes, and latterly tweeds, in some rural districts. With the Union the Liberty became a region of quasi paupers struggling for existence, whilst the sugar refiners' localities could hardly be traced, with exception of a ruinous old store in Mary's Abbey, pointed out to any stray inquirer as one of the old sugar houses.

Notwithstanding the apparently grasping propensities of the monster houses, there are many leading branches of trade they have not been able to interfere with, except in a very minor manner.

Amongst them, the native establishments in the cabinet trade, the solidity and style of whose manufactures cannot, perhaps, be surpassed; and the well-known houses as undermentioned have been extending and improving their business and acquiring additional patronage for years past.

Beakey and Co., Stafford Street and Mary Street, whose concerns, after being destroyed by fire, were rebuilt in a really magnificent manner, and are an ornament to their district. Since the old man's death the concern has been, managed by his nephew, Simon Beakey, a worthy and practical business man, and a celebrated designer.

George Tickell has, within a few years past, rebuilt his concern in a novel and beautiful style, and also ornaments his district. His trade is very extensive, and he has recently become a town councillor.

Strahan and Co., of Mary Street and Leinster Street—the latter formerly Hamilton Rowan's house—are well known and long established.

J. J. Byrne and Son, of similar standing. Also, Jones and Son, Stephen's Green; and a modern concern, under the name of Panklibanon, and management of a clever Cimbrian, started a few years since, and has been greatly extended.

William Brunton and Co., with the tenacity and industry of Scotchmen, have become a leading house.

In ironmongery I think the Scots have hardly interfered, being manufacturers and shippers in the trade. Richard Turner, formerly of Stephen's Green, and Hammersmith, Ball's Bridge, was long distinguished for his ability and enterprise; but this is a sterile soil for men of genius, and years since he migrated to a more genial atmosphere. He erected the conservatories at Glasnevin, and projected the Athlone railway bridge.

We have had the great house of T. Mooney and Son, Pill Lane, and for some years past an extensive but not speculative firm have attained eminence as engineers, erecting gas works, and in all branches in the line, Edmundson and Co., Capel Street; Edward Gatchell, Henry Street—Samuel Gatchell and Son;—Robert Gatchell, Dawson Street; George Butler, Capel Street; John Smith, Capel Street—all housekeepers', and joiners', and amateurs' old friend—having from a “needle to an anchor”, and a midge for fly-fishing to any-horse-power steam-engine—lively, jolly, blunt—knows everything about his trade, and where the minutest article is to be found.

Hodges and Co., an old-established firm in Westmoreland Street and Aston's Quay. Robert Whitestone, ex-

tensive and enterprising, doing a really first-class business in ironmongery, furniture, saddlery, etc., on Wellington Quay and in Great Britain Street. His brother, William Whitestone, in North Earl Street. The Whitestone family are more than half a century in the trade.

Henshaw and Co., Christ Church Place; Elliott and Co., Thomas Street; Pasley, Camden Street; and F. G. Bashford, Ely Place—who served his time to R. Turner—an intelligent, affable, good man of business, and a right good fellow.

Madden and Davis, a very extensive and exclusive wholesale house on Merchants' Quay, managed by Madden's clever brother-in-law and partner, Richard Lawless.

The woollen drapers have also been well able to resist the monsters, and the number of elegant establishments throughout the city tests the public patronage.

The Leeds Woollen Hall standing like a rock. Richard Allen—the indefatigable—in his elegant palace in Sackville Street, and his capacious, well-stocked warerooms in High Street. Brown and Payne, Sackville Street. O'Driscoll and Son, Anglesea Street, half a century in existence, the senior partner as fine a specimen of a Munster Celt for his age, appearance, information, humour, and science, as is to be met with. John O'Driscoll, junr., whilst closely minding his business, has accumulated a vast fund of information on general subjects, and has an excellent library for use, not ornament.

Aston and Son, Crow Street, another old firm, represented by young Aston with ability and close attention.

Kenny and Owens, Dame Street, celebrated for their quotations from "public opinion" and sterling value. Rogers and Baker, Grafton Street. Nicholas J. Murphy, Parliament Street. Bernard O'Connor, Wellington

Quay. M'Dona, Molesworth Street, started by the celebrated George M'Dona, who is now an extensive manure manufacturer in England; and a host of others.

In Grafton Street the Scotch colonists took no stand.

Forrest and Son, an ancient house, have been as alive and extending as their neighbours, and have grown into a monster house in their line, as the leading silk mercers and lacemen of the city.

Joseph Manning, alderman, in the same trade, served his time to them, and carries on an extensive business, dividing with them the court and aristocratic business in silk mercery and lace.

Brown and Thomas have a most extensive establishment as drapers, which has gradually grown into a monster one, extending from and including four or five houses in Grafton Street and Duke Street.

S. Mayston has migrated to Grafton Street from Sackville Street, which he should have done long since, and is obtaining his deserving share of fair patrons.

Switzer, Ferguson, and Co. have a leviathan concern in the general monster trade, and make a fair divide of the business of their class.

That eccentric genius, Frank Weekes, of Grafton Street, has, like Jack the Giant Killer, bid defiance to the monsters from the first. A few doors from Switzer and Co.'s, Grafton Street, you may observe a Manchester silk handkerchief flag, with this motto:—

“Buyers of value, run! run! run!

Here monster houses are outdone”.

Scott and Bell, Wellington Quay—Harvey and Co.'s successors—have long done a successful trade, and, I suppose, will soon be retiring in favour of some juniors. In private and public life friend Scott is a great favourite,

and after retiring from the gravity of daily business duties, enlivens his friends with his good humour and *bon mots* at his pleasant homestead, Rathmines.

David M'Birney is well known at most railway and other public boards for his acuteness and ability, and deserves great credit, as well as his Scotch compeers, for investing his accumulations in undertakings beneficial as well to the public as himself.

The wholesale drug trade is represented by Leslie and Co., Boileau and Boyd, and the Apothecaries' Hall, whose chief trade is supplying apothecaries, the two former being also extensive dealers in oils and colours. Boileau and Boyd have long been manufacturers by steam machinery. Hugh Moore, M'Master and Co., Thomas M'Donnell and Co., Alexander and Co., Boyd and Co., and Mercer and Kerr, combine the wholesale drug trade with many other branches. Erson and Co., Oldham and Co., Wells and Co., Ray and Co., King and Co., White and Co., are druggists and compounders. Hoyte and Co., is one of the old firms, and has been recently modernised.

Geoghegan in Sackville Street and Nassau Street, Walpole, Suffolk Street, Wilson, Nassau Street, have been long established in the aristocratic shirt trade. Oldham and Co., Westmoreland Street, old established silk merchants. All those establishments are fitted up in the most elegant style, both externally and interior. Smith in Abbey Street, Appleyard, Sackville Street, and Harrick, D'Olier Street, are celebrated for Balbriggan hosiery; and Mrs. Frew in Mary Street has maintained her position as stay maker in spite of all modern and monster competition.

Photographers are innumerable; Cranfield, Simonton, Robinson, Grafton Street; Chancellor, Lauder Brothers.

John Walsh, 118 Grafton Street, fourteen years with Meares, a really first-class operator, deserves public patronage. He has supplied several hundred photographs for my publications, and continues doing so: they are beautifully executed.

In the china and glass trade, for antiquity, the venerable widow Warren, Temple Bar, takes the lead. Samuel Warren, T. C., and Thomas Leetch, Dame Street, Higginbotham and Son, Grafton Street, Thomas, Wellington Quay, Carrick, Mary's Abbey, John Telford, Henry Street—a very elegant crystal palace—and Callaghan and Son, in their new and very extensive establishment, Suffolk Street, are the principal.

Seacombe Mason, Essex Bridge, Yeates, Grafton Street and Nassau Street, are old and exclusive opticians of repute, and Chancellor, Simonton, and some others, combine the optician with their other branches.

Cranfield, Le Sage, and Stark Brothers, are the principal print sellers, and a very clever fellow, J. H. Burke, Wellington Quay, print and photo mounter.

Wright and Son, Dame Street, Westmoreland Street, and Sackville Street, Morgan, Grafton Street, Favre, Nassau Street, Prosper Lore in Capel Street, have long been celebrated as hatters, whilst Morrison, who made a fortune manufacturing and selling Irish made hats, in his advanced years and wealth, has become agent for a London firm, instead of competing with them. A new aspirant has started within two years, Moore of Great Brunswick Street, and appears to give value and thrive in doing so. There is also a respectable old citizen and his son, Andrews in Castle Street, well known in the trade. Another aspirant has started in Fleet Street, and another in High Street. It is gratifying to see steady industrious

tradesmen thus starting for independence, and if their example was more generally followed, the country would be more prosperous.

Moore's old house—Noah's Ark—in Nassau Street, M'Dowell's, Wellington Quay and Henry Street, and Barrett's, Stephen's Green, are celebrated bazaars for the sale of toys, trinkets, and jewellery.

Gregory Kane, Dame Street, George Lynch, Sackville Street, and Perry, Grafton Street, have long been celebrated as extensive trunk and travellers' toilet manufacturers, and if my readers wish to see the operation of manufacturing, they can do so at those houses.

Millar and Beatty and Sheridan are celebrated for their carpets.

Elvery, Sackville Street, and Ferguson, Grafton Street, appear to divide the India rubber and gutta percha trade between them; and as the monsters have not yet interfered with confectionary, Graham Lemon still tosses his machinery about as ever; whilst the wig makers stand by their blocks spite of Jonathan Pim.

One most creditable matter to the trades of Ireland at large is, that of about twenty-four millions sterling sunk in railways in the country, fully three-fourths were contributed by small shopkeepers and traders, resulting very much to their chagrin in the shape of dividends, and in some cases total loss, but also to general advantage and civilization.

The leviathan houses which have embraced so many trades in their caravansaries, are also dealers in jewellery, watches, trinkets, dolls, toys, ladies' wigs—as Whiteside called Pim's chignons—trunks, cutlery, carpeting, hats, tailoring, etc.; but the public appear to place reliance on those who deal solely in such articles, and West and

Son, Gaskin, Donegan, E. Johnson, Brunker, Waterhouse, John Schreiber, Westmoreland Street, Joseph Schreiber, George's Street, J. R. Ryan, Racine, Norman, Carthy, Marmion Browne, Flavelle, Mayfield, have proved unassailable in jewellery, watches, plate, etc.; whilst Read, the widow Thompson, Tweedall, R. A. Walker, that sturdy little man Bates, O'Neil and Thompson, and Shea, Henry Street, have put them at defiance.

OUR BOOKS.

Dublin has been always celebrated for printing and bookbinding, both objects of interest as well to authors as their collectors and readers; and as the binder's art sometimes covers a multitude of sins of omission or incorrectness, which will occasionally be found in some of the most expensive works, the cover of a book, like the frame of a picture, becomes both ornamental and useful.

Decidedly the most eminent firm in Ireland as bookbinders is that of my friends Galwey and Co., whose factory, 22 Eustace Street, has been known for three-fourths of a century, and extending to Nos. 7 and 8 Temple Lane, it has ample accommodation, both airy, roomy, and lightsome, for their numerous employées, who number upwards of one hundred thriving, happy, and well paid sons and daughters of industry, where all works deemed worthy of covering can be dressed in the most gorgeous style or modest attire. Their contracts for gold leaf, ivory and gilt mountings, Morocco leather, etc., etc., must be very extensive, whilst in the more unpretending style, a specimen of their cloth binding encases the present volume. Walking into business from his villa, Cullenswood, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, Arthur Galwey, the active

senior partner, is to be seen crossing Charlemont Bridge, his button-hole decorated with a choice posey, a stick in one hand and a courier bag in the other. It is the only exclusive binding establishment of the kind, the machinery of which is worked by steam power, and they bind extensively for English publishers as for the home trade, and yet, when busy you might as well speak to the piston of a steam engine or the shafts of a windmill, as to

ARTHUR GALWEY.

STATISTICS IN REFERENCE TO PREVIOUS REMARKS.

Factories, 1864.		Persons employed.
Flax,	100	43,525
Wool,	39	862
Cotton,	9	2,734
Jute,	5	442
Worsted,	3	175
Silk,	2	134

EXPORTS OF WHISKEY FROM DUBLIN DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS.

The exports of whiskey for 1863 differ little from those of 1867, but there have been very large shipments lately.

	Butts and Pnchns.	Hhds.	Casks.	Qr. Casks.
1868,	2,292	3,272	1,565	2,901
1867,	2,243	3,304	1,741	2,667
1866,	2,344	3,087	1,037	2,385
1865,	1,772	2,685	888	2,101
1864,	500	807	157	605

WALTER BURKE and JOSHUA M'CORMAC were the last woollen manufacturers in the Liberty; the former died unmarried, leaving eighty thousand pounds to his

nephew, ultimately divided amongst distant connections. Joshua M'Cormac had fifteen children, and also died wealthy, but the greater portion of the wealth of both was made before the Union. John Busby, the celebrated distiller, was left £100,000 by his father, a silk merchant, and Caffrey, another silk merchant, also left his family a large amount of wealth. John Busby erected the distillery at Black Pitts, afterwards converted into a brewery by a "limited" company. Caffrey Brothers erected a brewery in the same locality, and have since carried on a very respectable trade.

The following will be read with interest, taken from the last census.

Irish denizens in England and Wales, 1841, 289,404.

Do. do. do. 1861, 601,634.

1861, Irish in	London,	40,742	
„	„	Liverpool,	32,470
„	„	Manchester,	18,007
„	„	Birmingham,	4,810
„	„	Leeds,	4,031
„	„	Newcastle-on-Tyne,	2,381
„	„	Sheffield,	2,753
„	„	Preston,	2,042
„	„	Merthyr-Tydvil,	2,029
„	„	Sunderland,	1,929
„	„	Bolton,	1,910
„	„	Plymouth,	1,897
„	„	Stockport,	1,832
„	„	Bristol,	1,633
„	„	Wolverhampton,	1,581
„	„	Portsmouth,	1,322
„	„	Hull,	1,086
„	„	Gateshead,	1,054

REQUIEM.—RESURGAM.

Since the appearance of my first volume, the death-knell has sounded over the remains of many eminent citizens, and just as he had achieved one of the great ambitions of his life—the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral—swept away by zealous attention to his duties in the over-crowded, ill-ventilated House of Commons, society had to lament the disappearance of the amiable and princely

SIR BENJAMIN LEE GUINNESS, BART.,

leaving to his family an enormous accumulation of property.

SIR ARTHUR EDWARD GUINNESS, BART.,

his eldest son and successor, in conjunction with his brother Cecil, is a worthy scion of the stock, and bears his honours and his responsibility like a gentleman. Infamously treated by some of his agents at the city election, whose sole object appeared to be to pluck the millionaire, he was deprived of his seat; and, with the vacillation for which he has always been celebrated, Judge Keogh, in acquitting him of all knowledge of the operations, declared him incompetent to sit in the present parliament, to which he would certainly have been returned, but the tactics of the Whig Judge succeeded in lopping one vote off at the forthcoming division. Tall, dark-complexioned, whiskered, and eyed, he is a handsome specimen of his race, and in the unostentatious enjoyment of his position, he can afford to forget the annoyances of political dodgery.

JAMES TURBET,

another respected member of the community, has also passed away, after a long life spent in unostentatious

attention to the commercial duties of his great establishment. His sons Robert, James, George, and Thomas, have succeeded him, and the new blood set to work to push ahead in the modern style—purchased adjoining old fabrics in Liffey Street, levelled them and the old stores and vaults, raised new and most extensive ones on their sites, extending from Bachelor's Walk to North Lotts in the rere, and Liffey Street at the west. Part of the old frontage has been removed, and a very handsome entrance has been erected, to be followed by the tumbling of the remainder, and substitution of the new style. The firm of Turbett has been well known for near a century, having been established about 1778, and have ever held a leading position in the wholesale tea, wine, and spirit trade. I have never heard of them as persecuting creditors; and the liberality of their dealings, and the value they supplied, have been proverbial. They were represented for many years, until his death, by Edward Beere, a general favourite, who, during the season, followed the hounds once or twice a week, but always doffed the red coat and tops before appearing on 'Change. John Clarke, another well known and respected agent, died very wealthy some years since. The present active and intelligent manager graduated in the establishment.

I have had to regret the death of my old chum,

JAMES GILLKER,

whose trade is continued by his brother-in-law, Lawrence Malone, at Wellington Quay.

Also of my old political confrere,

ALDERMAN R. J. DEVITT,

in the prime of life. The business, stock, and interest in his concern have been purchased by John Chambré, thus

adding to his extensive trade and wine vaults, which extend from Cope Street all under the yard of the Commercial Buildings. Having made a recent inspection, I can vouch for the quality of the stock in his labyrinth of vaultage.

Another respected trader has suddenly departed from amongst us,—

THOMAS RYAN, of Merchants' Quay.

M. Ryan and Sons, his two sons, smart, intelligent young fellows, continue their extensive wholesale paper trade.

TWO OTHER DEATHS RECORDED.

On Monday, 1st November, WILLIAM RYAN, of Golden Bridge House and Paper Mills, one of the Township Commissioners of Kilmainham, died of disease of the heart as he was sitting in the council. Singular that he and his brother Thomas should have died of heart disease within a few months of each other.

The Golden Bridge Paper Mills are an old establishment, of considerable extent, with first class machinery, and formerly belonged to B. Sullivan. They will be carried on by the family.

HENRY L. FRY died at Ashford, Harold's Cross, on the 3rd November. He was a member of one of the most enterprising firms in their line, William Fry and Co., whose fabrics are universally known for beauty of material and workmanship.

OUR CITY FATHERS.

One of our most estimable citizens, who has passed his year of office as Lord Mayor with *eclat* and popularity, and whose time is ever at the service of his fellow-citizens, is

ALDERMAN JOHN CAMPBELL, J.P.,

late governor and continuous director of the Hibernian Bank, the prosperity of which he has ever fostered, and member of the boards of most of our institutions. Almost his entire time is devoted to the public service; and it is well for their great commercial establishment that his clever and active managing partner has a peculiar *penchant* for business, and devotes his time and abilities to its continued developement. Having one of the best houses in Sackville Street, built in the good times past, they are so hemmed in by their neighbours that they have found it impossible to extend their premises at either side, and have been obliged to occupy four or five out-premises in the locality. They have cleared out the old fixtures, erected new offices, economised space, as far as could be done, remodelled the front in a chaste and suitable style, and display all the energy of their father, who stormed the camp of the Iron Duke with missiles of champagne, brandy, claret, and such like acceptabilities, and refused a partnership from Sneyd and Co. before commencing for himself.

CORNELIUS DENNEHY, J.P. AND T.C.

One of the most valuable men attending the City Hall, whose acute business habits place him in position as a useful

check on the finances, and whose unswerving resolution on any subject on which he addresses the house commands attention, whilst his volubility, without entering the charmed circle of eloquence or blarney, is sufficiently to the purpose to interest his opponents, and in tempering his language to his subject, he avoids any clap-trap and personality. C. Dennehy is well educated, and an able writer on many subjects, especially banking and other social and material questions of importance. The services of Father Theobald Matthew some years ago tended considerably to make Patrick Hayes, C. Dennehy, the Kennedys, and others, men of wealth. For from their position as rectifying distillers they were enabled to take advantage of the unexpected and enormous demand for the articles of their manufacture.

Except performing his duties in the Town Council, or some important charitable or political meeting, Dennehy is generally to be found attending to his business from the earliest to the latest of the usual hours for office duties. If fond of music, his capacious establishment in High Street is in the midst of peals from the ten different churches surrounding him, with their many tongued and many toned vibrations, loudly reminding him of other spiritual occupations than distilling "old Tom" or "patent brandy". I suggest to my young west-end friends to "list" if in the babel of chimes they can distinguish the air of "*Turn again, Whittington*". C. Dennehy has been made a J.P. by the Whig Government; and as party virulence has been expunged by the State Church Bill, I trust we are rid of it for ever, and suggest Moore's immortal lines as a charter song of the Dublin Corporation and other societies.

“ Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment 's a flower too fair and too brief
To be withered or stained by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the rapture they shed o'er the soul”.

ALDERMAN MACKEY, J.P.

It may be on the principle, that chickens come home to roost, from the period of Edward Bruce specially, although he lost his cause and head—continued on to the time King James the Sixth of that ilk to the present day, that the descendants of the Irish Celts, who planted Caledonia long before the advent of St. Patrick, have ever since had an intense craving to return to the land of milk and honey, eschewing their granite hills and half frozen regions. Owing to the jealousy of the modern mixed natives of Erin, and perhaps considering they had quite enough of population to require an extern increase, it was only by fitful starts an odd Caledonian found his way to Ireland, pretty much in the style that Roderick Random or Nigel did to Southern Britain; and although they did not wear the “ tartan”, they required nearly as much pluck as their countrymen of the Forty-second.

I have before described the immigration here of the Jamesons, Bob Haig, W. Burns, Findlaters, and others in the trading interest, and now, as a variety, introduce an agriculturist and horticulturist who appeared in our metropolitan county and city. Within a century an adventurous Scotchman married into the family of the O'Tooles of Wicklow, extensive seedsmen and planters of this city, and his son, the late Stephen Mackey, be-

came a partner in that establishment. This gentleman, so long and so well known as an active business man in our city, and so much esteemed for his gentlemanly demeanour and mercantile honour, died about fifteen years past, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Alderman James W. Mackey, who filled the chair as Lord Mayor in 1866 with distinction and hospitality. I believe in point of the latter no Chief Magistrate rivalled Sir B. Lee Guinness, Alderman Campbell, and James W. Mackey for the magnificence of their court, and in official duties they were unsurpassed. I append the following extracts from the *Northern Ensign*, a Caithness journal:—

“Mr. Mackey was born in Dublin in the memorable year of 1815. It is said the family is descended from that of the Head of the Clan Mackay (Lord Reay). In a brief article on Mr. Mackey, which appeared, along with his portrait in the *Illustrated London News* of 3rd March, 1866, the writer says that ‘he comes of an ancient Scotch family, the Mackays of Caithness’. He holds several highly important offices. Among others these are: Magistrate of the county of Dublin as well as of the city, Governor of the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, member of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, member of the Agricultural Committee, and he has been a member of the Council of the Royal Dublin Society. He is also *ex-officio* a guardian of the South Dublin and Celbridge Unions. He married Miss Hannah Emilia Jones, the second daughter of the late Sylvanus Jones, at one time captain in the 60th Rifles, and afterwards a Stipendiary Magistrate. By this lady he has a son and five daughters. The Alderman is the last surviving member of his family. He had a

brother, Peter Mackey, Esq., M.D. and M.R.C.S., who was a staff surgeon in her Majesty's army, and earned for himself a distinguished name in the Sikh war at Suttlej, Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sabraon, for which he received medals and clasps. He afterwards went out to the Crimean war, where he had charge of the hospital at Balaclava, but unfortunately he died there of cholera".

Alderman Mackey is a fine specimen of the thorough Celt, the Highland physique being greatly vivified by the florid complexion of the Wicklow tribe. He is, I believe, a landed proprietor in the county of Cork, and resides at Clonsilla House, near Celbridge, where he no doubt indulges his leisure hours in the pastimes of farming.

WILLIAM LANE JOYNT, D.L.

A singular raid on the burgesses of our city took place about the year 1865. A well-looking Munster man with rosy cheeks, fiery red pole, thick lips, good teeth, and expressive knowing looks, arrived from the city of the "violated treaty", and after some flirtation, perched himself in an office in Gardiner Street belonging to the Liberal Club. The registration was proceeding, and his claim was put forward, but being only returned as occupier for a few months instead of three years, he was being struck out, when a flaw having been discovered in the claim of a Conservative candidate, the opposing parties hung fire, withdrew opposition, and the Limerick man was a Burgess of three months' standing. Residing in Limerick as clerk of the crown and treasury solicitor, Gardiner Street suited well for his registry, and a vacancy having occurred in the ward, he blarneyed the burgesses to elect him alderman. During term, when he had occasionally

to appear in Dublin, he attended the City Hall, and taking advantage of some divided opinion, he mesmerized the "Fathers" so much with his mellifluous eloquence, that on awaking from the operation they elected him Lord Mayor.

There is no question whatever about Alderman Joynt's efficient and respectable discharge of his duties as chief magistrate, but there is no city or town in Ireland which would have elected a previously unknown stranger, a clerk of the crown for another city, and land agent to Lord Annaly, the duties of both positions occupying his attention, to such a position. While Lord Mayor of Dublin he had to attend the Limerick assizes as plain Mr. Joynt, and was treated as such by the judges, whose clerk he was. But he "stooped to conquer". Through Colonel White (Lord Annaly) he was made a deputy lieutenant, then clerk of the crown and treasury solicitor, worth £2,000 per annum, vacated his city honours, and has attained the opportunity of living at his ease and enjoying life, but as he is already in the flesh, and rather short in the neck, he should avoid becoming plethoric, and thus give the Whig lord another open for patronage.

On the Road.

A CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST.

In 1836, a western trader had brought my friend Pidgeon an introduction from Boileaus and George, of Bride Street, and being handed over to me, I sold him about £100 worth of stock. The usual open credit of three months passed over, and not having heard from him, an application was made requesting a remittance, and pointing out that the credit was expired. No notice was taken of this or several successive ones, running over three months longer. The town he lived in was on the borders of Lough Corrib, completely isolated, there being no traffic beyond it from the Tuam road, and, as at that period men generally made their wills on starting for such wild scenery and doubtful adventure, and there being no other trader in the town, we could procure no information respecting the reticent individual. A consultation was held on the subject, at which I proposed going in search of the myth, and notwithstanding my friend Pidgeon's anxiety and nervousness, I determined on the start. Fletcher & Roe, our solicitors, prepared a marked writ for our account, another for Boileaus—and armed with these engines, terrific in a civilized locality—and a letter of introduction to a Tuam attorney, I left the post-office in Her Majesty's mail, perched on the box-seat, on a delightful evening in August. Our coachman was a jolly waggish fellow, and—except in crossing over the Menai Bridge by moonlight, the four horses at full speed—I never beheld a prettier sight, in the four-in-hand style, that on emerging from Bow Bridge and Bow Lane.

He dashed up the heights of Kilmainham, to the celebrated Widow Drum's, the horses at full speed, the guard's bugle sounding, and the screaming of old women as coachee twitted his lash, and picked up cocks, hens, and ducklings, as we passed along, letting them fly back again. When we reached the widow's it was sublimely ridiculous, and of course raised a chorus of laughing. On we passed in dashing style through Palmerstown, Lucan, Leixlip, Maynooth, Kilcock, Kinnegad, to Athlone; but the henwives in those localities being accustomed to our Phaeton's style of lashing, and being moreover indebted to him, on their own or their neighbour's account, for sundry friendly offices in the way of smuggling letters—post tariff being then a heavy affair—they viewed the operations with complacency, especially as at most a few feathers were only disarranged or shaken out. Passing on through the sloping descent of Ballinasloe, early in the morning, where we breakfasted, I duly arrived at Daly's Hotel, Tuam, at eleven o'clock. Not being a market-day, the town was *en repose*. Daly's Hotel just presented the same unenchanted appearance as it did on my last visit in 1862, the dirty, little, gloomy shop and adjoining apartments. However, as I was not travelling to procure desirable furnished lodgings, it was a matter of indifference to me, retiring to make my toilet after the night's fatigue and fun, for I had both, and washing out the appearance of wassail, which sundry change houses enable us to indulge in. I demolished a prime steak and half a pint of sherry with a gout, and prepared for work.

Inquiring the direction of the village lawyer, I arrived at his dozy-looking mansion about twelve o'clock, noon. Were it not for smoke from the kitchen side of the house,

I would have imagined the concern untenanted, as the shutters were all closed up. After knocking several times, an old, wrinkled beldame in her red shawl opened the door, and informed me that he was still abed. Here was an ugly fix. If my business oozed out any where in the district my mission was at an end—a bog-hole my resting place. The old lady appeared anxious not to disturb his honour; but my business was imperative. Desiring admission to the dingy little parlour, the window shutters of which she had just opened, I directed her to deliver my letter, and sat down to await the result. Great was the flustrification overheard, in which I could distinctly hear: “Damned unlucky! curse on you M'Donagh; Judy bring me a tot; Fletcher & Roe, what the devil will they think of my business habits; drinking all night, in bed all day, whoroo! who's afraid”. I heard the spring from the bed, and shortly after a short, stout, little man, with wild-looking, blearing eyes, the effects of pot-teen, large head, unkempt hair, leather breeches, open at the knees, yarn stockings, half way up the legs, without shoes or slippers, waistcoat, coat, or necktie, made his appearance. After making an apology for his early rising, stating that a lot of gay boys and he spent the night together, etc., and insisting on my taking a drop of beverage, I introduced the object of my mission, at which his countenance at once changed from its aroused jollity; and he told me if he took action in the matter he would have to flee across the Shannon, and never return. He would do anything for his respected friends; but his living and life would be at stake if he appeared in the transaction. I saw at once the position in which he was placed, and stated that if I could get the writs backed by the sheriff I would do the remainder. He at once gave me

a note to the sub-sheriff; and bidding him adieu, and of course taking a parting nip of the potteen, we left good friends. I found out the sub., returned to Daly's, ordered a car with a smart horse, and started for Headfort. I think the distance was ten or twelve miles, which we travelled at a rattling pace, and arriving at a retired, cleanly little village, containing about two dozen houses, cottages, and thatched cabins, we pulled up at an extensive business house of respectable appearance. On inquiring for the gentleman I travelled so far to see, I was informed he was not at home, nor could I gain any information as to his whereabouts. I left the shop, desiring the parties to say a commercial gentleman had called on him, and would write to him by the Tuam post. On consideration, the parties evidently thought I was a bagman looking for orders; and just as I was mounting the car, a messenger ran to me, and said his master was at his farm, two miles away, and if I wished he would conduct me to him. He stated that the road was five miles round, and proposed that we should proceed by the shortest route. Leaving Jarvey to feed, we started from the rere of the house, at a short distance from which there was a large bog. Here we commenced bog-trotting, rather a serious affair for a novice; but I remembered the Canadian swamps, and followed my guide, jumping the bog-holes, unabashed. After about an hour's springing we arrived at a dilapidated barn, where a number of people were stacking, thrashing, and winnowing the corn. We were not visible until I landed in their midst, and my friend and I were face to face. He looked astounded, but I took the matter very coolly, entered into conversation about his farming operations, recommended him to apply at road sessions for a presentment to make a travel-

ling passage through the bog, and quietly whispered that I had come from Dublin specially to see him. Turning apart from his handy men, of whom there were about twenty, he suggested we should return to the house by the route I came. I had heard of fellows being crammed down pumps in Kerry and elsewhere, and in bog-holes in Connaught, and asked could we not go by the road, for I was tired of my gymnastic exercise; but he made the same excuse as his man, and we proceeded onwards. Before we were half way a heavy shower, driven by a sou'-west wind, dashing right at us until we reached the house, completely saturated us. I was introduced into the family parlour, where a good fire was improvised with bog-wood and turf in a few minutes. I was supplied with a dry suit of clothing, mine sent to the kitchen fire. A capital collation of cold veal and ham, a bottle of prime sherry, after a stiff glass of hot mountain dew, were produced, and we jointly did them every justice. Having been reinstated in my toggery, I, for the first time, opened my business, showed him the two marked writs for his arrest, backed by the county sheriff—stated that I did not wish to bring any parties into the village to expose him, for which he thanked me, and asked him was he prepared to settle the affair.

Walking to his safe he brought me a bill for £350, accepted by his father-in-law as part of his marriage portion; and from his observations to me it was evident he was waiting the maturity of this bill to pay his debts, the knowledge of which gave me additional satisfaction at my having acted so discreetly in the transaction, for his wife or any one else never suspected the object of my visit. Without any hesitation he endorsed the bill, having four months to run, and £150 more than his debt, without

making any observation, but to remit it to him when paid. I was agreeably surprised at the honourable termination of this transaction, highly impressed with the probity of my friend of the bog, parted with him on the best terms, and told him his credit and character were unblemished, and when the bill was paid he should procure any reasonable credit from us and through our influence he required.

I was just getting on the car when, at the opposite side of the street, I saw a face and figure which struck me forcibly. It was that of a delicate-looking thin-faced man about six-and-thirty, nursing a child in his arms, and a chubby boy playing about him at the door of a neat cottage covered with woodbine, possessing every appearance of comfort and content. It was no other than my old senior playmate, George Cahill, eldest son of the venerable old barrister whom I mentioned as having lived with his family opposite Pembroke Lodge, London Bridge Road. We were mutually pleased at the unexpected meeting after a separation of eleven years. He introduced me to his wife, an interesting young woman belonging to the district, and I spent a few hours very agreeably with them. He had been brought down by Mr. St. George as master of a school of which he was patron, and I was delighted to see him so comfortable and happy. On leaving I drove back to Daly's in Tuam, and after tea I strolled through the town and neighbourhood, the latter appearing principally bog. I was much struck with the extent and comparative beauty of the new Roman Catholic cathedral, roofed in and nearly finished, under the auspices of the celebrated John of Tuam, Archbishop MacHale. On returning I called on my legal friend, whom I found out of bed and apparelled.

He joined me at Daly's, where we caroused moderately until twelve o'clock, an early hour for him; but I generally contrived he should have a double shot for my one. I made him tolerably comfortable. He was equally astonished and pleased at the extraordinary daring and success of my expedition; and on learning I was unarmed, he shook his head, congratulating me on my prudence, and stating if my first guide had been aware of my intention, he would have shortened my road to the barn by dropping me into a bog-hole, to be resuscitated after, perhaps, a century as a specimen of bog-oak. I left the old boy at home quite jolly, retired to rest in mine inn, and next morning after breakfast started for Galway on one of Daly's low-backed cars.

In no part of Galway I had seen, except the old town of Athlone, and the comparatively new one of Ballinasloe, and the pretty village of Headfort, was there the slightest object to create interest. All I passed was bog or rock; the latter starting up in every direction in the miserable pasture plains, which were covered with loose stones and scanty herbage, fit only for sheep or goats. I have invariably found the provincial Jarveys a class of professionals peculiar in themselves, and evidently selected for smartness, intelligence, and good temper. Knowing the country and every individual in it in which their traffic lies, they have anecdotes at will, and a joke for every passer-by, raising the spirits of their fare—more especially when receiving a *quid pro quo* in the shape of spirits of another classification—and doing all possible to make them comfortable and happy. Taking a hint from my “whip”, he of the previous day, and now an old acquaintance, who informed me I would meet nothing but turf, rocks, and short grass on our route, I laid in a supply of

cold ham and fowl, a quart of the native—not to be stinted if we met any deserving fellow-countryman on the way—and off we started at a rattling pace to astonish the natives. The roads were first-class—no jolting, ruts, or mud, the thirsty bogs appearing to enjoy all the soakage. The country mansions along the road were palatian residences of the usual style in the Galway wildernesses; the basement storey of turf mud, roofed with turf sods, an open for the smoke to escape from, and a door-way to admit light and traffic, a cesspool right in front, with one or two sows “wallowing in the mire”. About noon we arrived at Clare-Galway Castle and Abbey, after crossing an ancient bridge over one of the numerous rivulets running into Lough Corrib. The castle was of the usual square build, about thirty feet in height, and inhabited by some landlord’s—or rather bog and rock lord’s—bailiff and family. The abbey was beautiful and interesting, of very large size, the walls in perfect preservation, and the great front window similar to that of Cashel, of which I have seen various sketches. The aisle of the church had been a burying-ground for ages, and roofless, which may account for the complete preservation of the walls encompassing holy ground. One transept of the large building was roofed in like that of old Leighlin Abbey, and neatly fitted up as a chapel, in which services were then being performed, during which we remained. I have seldom intruded in houses of worship to which I did not belong during the performance, but when doing so I invariably remained to avoid interruption or disturbance. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the peasantry in their holiday suits—the men with their dark blue frieze and Connemara stockings, and the women with the red cloaks gracefully hanging over their linsey

woolsey petticoats, the neat trim legs and feet exhibiting their own natural unadorned beauties, the *tout ensemble* showing, "if they had the way they had the will", for cleanliness and comfort. Jarvey and I squatting on the cushions placed on a small patch of short greensward under the castle walls, and having the fine old abbey in view, commenced operations on our commissariat, to which we did ample justice, leaving a respectable balance for the lady of the castle warder, and a tolerable distribution of broken and unbroken amongst some peasant children in the bashful distance, looking with wonderment at the invasion of their district by an Anglo-Norman and his Celtic ally. The lady of the castle paid us every polite attention, invited us to the top of the battlements to view the extended prospect, which, barring the horizon, was black and dreary; the magnificent abbey, of course, excepted. Here the lady supplied us with some hot bog water—the grandest amalgamation possible with the native—and mixing a stiff jorum for her, another for Jarvey and myself, we drank success to everybody, ourselves, of course, inclusive. Jarvey started downward to prepare for action, and in my descent from the battlements, with the buxom, dark-haired, dark-eyed hostess, I astonished her by an enthusiastic admiration of the scene, and a jolly half-crown, taking both in good part, we left her and the ancient remains in high spirits. Dashing still on, we arrived about sunset at Kilroy's Hotel, Galway; Jarvey making his roost in some humble shanty, with directions to attend me on the morrow at nine o'clock, for our onward trip to Ennis, to which destination I renewed my engagement with him at six pence per mile and *his own perquisites*. I retired to bed early, not without having a hearty laugh in my shirt

sleeves at imagining the look my nervous and pious friend Pidgeon would have given had he seen me jumping over the bog-holes with a *sans culotte* Connaughtman, escorting the lady of Clare-Galway Castle from the battlements, or attending service in the chapel of the abbey ruins.

The following morning I started early and visited the immediate neighbourhood of Kilroy's before breakfast, looked over the bridge across the river Corrib, towards the lake and the bay, and after breakfast, on the arrival of my "Jehu", and regulating my little bill, we drove along the bay to within proximity of Arran Island, back by Menlo, having a fine view of the lake, through the Claddagh, viewed the Warden's House, and taking a small lunch for men and beast, we started along the Ennis road for Gort, as our "baiting" place. We had passed about two miles from the City of the Tribes, when near a respectable looking mansion built of stone, without a single tree encircling it, a lovely black-eyed girl of about seventeen was standing on the landing of the steps. Now of all the beauties of nature there is nothing so attracting or interesting as that of a lovely unsophisticated girl in her teens. How must I have felt as a poet and an artist on beholding this dark-haired nymph of the wilderness, with her tall graceful figure, piercing black eyes, and black tresses flowing to her waist, like a presiding goddess smiling over the far-spread waste, and glancing at me with ineffable complaisance—and if I may use a modern phrase—and evident symptoms of animal magnetism, taking off my hat as I passed by, I received a most gracious salute, and her snow-white handkerchief was visible until we made a turn in the road. I have seen many ladies of the Galway Blakes, who all bore a similar contour, but I have never been so fortunate as to

meet "the maid of the wilds". Arriving at Gort, then a very insignificant mud-built town, we stopped for dinner. Loughcooter Castle and domain were the only objects of interest except the unfenced horse-pond, dignified as a lake, opposite the gate. This concern has changed hands twice since that period, first to Mrs. Ball, the celebrated abbess and speculator in the Landed Estates Court, who purchased it for a convent, but receiving a profit of five or six thousand pounds from Lord Gough, she transferred her claim. After a comfortable rest and etceteras, we proceeded on our way to Ennis, where, rounding by the Fergus, we dashed across the bridge by Crowe Castle, celebrated as the hiding-place of Ryan Puck, and pulled up at Carmody's Hotel, at the Gort side of the Gridiron.

Here I parted my post-boy, and after luxuriating in a sober cup of strong tea and muffins, the evening being chilly, I mounted my olive-green camlet cloak—then a fashionable and rather expensive garment—and looking from the front door I was surprised to see the narrow street, which had no footpaths, crowded with citizens and citizenesses in full promenade. This I understood to be the evening custom, when every one dressed in their best, and it had a picturesque and patriarchal appearance, for in the same group of procession to and fro were mingled the clergymen, doctors, attorneys, shopkeepers' wives, and others of the "Upper Ten Thousand" of the place, mingled with the servant-maids of all work, cleanly and neatly dressed, but barefooted—not the least interesting for their neat display. When last in Ennis (1862), I could see no trace of the custom, and presume it was carried off by famine and emigration. I had no sooner started into the street than I was surrounded by a group

of gazers, who gradually became enthusiastic, especially the girls, who cheered, shouted "Hurrah!" "Long life to your honour!" "Welcome to Clare again!" "Hurrah for the Liberator!" "Three cheers for Master John!" It was evident that there was a very great mistake, and with difficulty I made my way back to Carmody's, followed by a crowd of enthusiasts. I assured Mrs. Carmody that I was not the veritable John O'Connell, who had not been amongst them since the Clare election, when a boy. She, with some gentlemen of the town, explained the mistake; and throwing off my obnoxious cloak, I passed out by the rere to another portion of the town without any further manifestations.

No use in describing towns like this, when every modern bagman who travels the way can almost give the number of bricks and stones which form the edifices, and spout and spin in describing his carving displays and effective operations as chairman at the commercial's dinner, to which dignity the latest arrival is entitled. I shall merely observe that I passed through a large town of mud cabins, with residents who, in the days of the forty shilling freeholders, would have formed a formidable phalanx in a six-day election.

From Ennis I went by coach the following morning to Limerick; the county Clare forming a strong and favourable contrast to Galway as to pasturage and absence of bog—occasionally ornamented by small natural lakes, handsome residences, and well laid out plantations. When we neared the Fergus we passed Bunratty Castle, now an old barrack, celebrated by Maxwell in his story of the "Tithe Proctor". Passing onward we made our way into the City of the "Violated Treaty"; and stiffened with my drive on the box seat, I pitched

myself into Cruise's commodious and comfortable coffee-room.

The following day I spent roving about the city, worthy to be the seat of commerce for the South Midland of Ireland: the streets spacious, the houses of a highly commodious and respectable class: Rice's Square, retired and aristocratic; Irishtown *vice versa*. The Shannon and its bridge are of course both noble in their way; but, having passed from Lake Huron down the 2,000 miles of lakes and the River St. Lawrence, they made little impression on me, especially when the navigation ended at Athlone. I purchased a small hamper full of fine salmon at four pence per pound, packed with rushes and ice; and at the usual hour, seven o'clock in the evening, I mounted the box-seat of the mail. I was hardly seated when Cruise ran over, and whispering me that as I had little luggage he would trespass on me with a hamper of salmon, for some friend at the Hibernian Hotel, Dawson Street. Leaving the coffee-room in a hurry, the waiter threw a cloak over my shoulders, and it was not until Cruise was retiring I discovered it was substituted for my splendid camlet. I shouted out to Cruise the circumstance. He would look into it. The coachee had whip in hand, and started without further colloquy. I chafed, cursed boots and everything; but it did not bring back my splendid envelope, and I made a full stop, turning my attention to something else. A long autumn evening, terminating with moonlight, was far preferable to day, and I had an equal opportunity of seeing the town and country through which I passed. The tillage lands all through the county Limerick appeared manured with blood, arising from the red marly nature of the soil, which I observed nowhere else, and not

having Arthur Young or any more recent philosopher's disquisition on it, I must refer my readers to a proper source of information as to its vegetating power, etc. In fine weather, day or or night, there was no such travelling as in the box-seat of the mail, some twenty or thirty years since, when speed was an important consideration; everything you pass near is visible, and your talkative and intelligent mentor, the coachman, is at your side ready to answer any inquiry, or volunteering his own oft-repeated observations, whilst the glorious dash of the four-in-hand, up hill and down dale, along the plains and through the towns and villages, has a most exciting effect, increased by the horn of the guard summoning old and young, grave and gay, to a stand—young women running slyly beside their Mercury, the guard, who, after teasing them a moment or so, slyly drops a letter, passed along from some Lothario without the post-mark; elderly women throwing up or receiving small parcels, carried from one locality to another, in the same mysteriously understood manner. The cobbler Lapstone for once pauses from his tap, tap, tap, and, throwing up his old spectacle glasses, views the scene with interest, and waits for coming gossip. The tailor, anxiously expecting some *small* bale of samples or broad cloth, stands with dignity at his shop door, and is evidently a boon companion of the Mercury, who treats him with brotherly respect. Then, the throwing down and throwing up the mail-bags at the post-office, whilst the bugle is sounding, and the cracking of the whipcord announcing a start, repeats the gazing operations all around, and off they go. Again, at the seven-mile heats, for change of horses and glasses of beer or grog: hostlers holding the fresh 'uns ready for the traces; their helpers taking away the jaded

ones. The rush of male passengers to the bar, some gallantly handing out a drop of 'summut to female passengers inside; others hobnobbing with the guard and the box-seat passengers, while I generally contrived to be standing treat to the ponderous Sam Weller coachman. It was really glorious, jolly, and agreeable. In this style we passed through the counties of Tipperary, Queen's County, Kildare, and Dublin, and through the towns of Thurles, Roscrea, Mountrath, Maryborough, Kildare, Newbridge, Naas, and Clondalkin, to Dublin, having a fine view of the well-preserved and interesting round tower of Roscrea, and the latter village tower, which have puzzled philosophers and sages from Gubban Saor, who, by the most *undoubted* authorities, lived in the age of Solomon, to the celebrated Dr. George Petrie, of the Royal Irish Academy, from the members of which institution he contrived to squeeze about £900 for his dissertations, so ably refuted and demolished by Henry O'Neill, artist and antiquarian. My wife and friend Pidgeon were delighted to see me. As I had not written, they began to imagine that the theory of the Tuam attorney had been put in practice, but my presence, with the prize for which I set forth in hand, and the hamper of salmon, set everything to rights. I at once wrote to Cruise about my camlet, advising him that I had forwarded the very uninteresting garment, which had been smuggled on me, to his address; but he really knew nothing of the matter; some dodger had watched his opportunity to exchange on the coffee-room coat stand, and instead of green camlet,

"I WAS DONE BROWN".

SPECULATION.—ON CHANGE.

About the period my father and uncle left the county of Wexford, their two first-cousins left also. Walter, the eldest, a young Catholic clergyman, Anthony his brother, an embryo M.D., and Robert, afterwards manager of the National Bank, Sligo. They were sons of Robert Meyler, of Wexford, an extensive wholesale grocer and merchant. The first followed his profession in Dublin, and died at an advanced age as Dean of St. Andrew's. Anthony pursued his professional practice for some years, but having married a rich widow, named Carroll, he chose the less onerous and more indolent position, and led a dashing life, until, after squandering about twenty thousand pounds, they had to retire into comparative obscurity on a limited income, and resided in the vicinity of the Black Rock for many years. Robert Meyler died in harness as bank manager, and his son Robert, a handsome specimen of the family, is a clergyman in Westland Row. Anthony Meyler, M.D., was well known in conservative circles, having adopted opinions diametrically opposite to his brothers'. He was also well known as a prominent member and occasional lecturer of the Royal Dublin Society. A man of very elegant manners and high intellectual accomplishments, it was with great satisfaction I made his acquaintance. Of fine, portly appearance, very like his brother the Dean, he had the olive complexion and oval face of the Normans, and took a pride in his origin. Most of the Wexford Normans intermarried amongst each other, and were all more or less allied. In fact, in Wexford only, I believe, the true Anglo-Norman descent could be found in the three kingdoms.

Uncle Sam, whose acquaintance I cultivated after my

return from America, was about five feet in height, having a temperament more vivacious than my friend the doctor, and was excellent company, especially amongst the ladies, where politics were forbidden, and he and the doctor escaped my radical repartees on their high tory opinions and divine right doctrine. These were rather new, as were his political opinions to the latter, who had to fly with his father to America in 1798, for being implicated in the insurrection, but returned after a few years' absence. A number of young Wexford men had to skeddaddle about the same period, and in different traders' establishments in the city were lost sight of by the authorities: amongst them were Patrick Hayes, George Meyler, Walter Thomas Meyler, my father's cousin, Francis Codd, of Townsend Street, father of the late Honorary Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, John and Denis Redmond, and others, whose names I forget. Uncle Sam's ancestor having fought at the Battle of the Boyne, in demolishing the doctrine of divine right, it was only natural that he and his party should usurp the privileges of the conquered, and assert the divine institution of the revolution of 1688, and the apostolic rights of George Guelph of Brunswick, Bishop of Osnaburgh, Elector of Hanover, and the husband of the Countess of Zell, and his descendants, as successors to William of Nassau.

Although thirty years junior of Uncle Sam and cousin Anthony, I always felt delighted when securing them to dinner, and took special care in sending them home in my best conveyance about midnight, when our evenings terminated, after a light supper, with claret and a *magnum* each of R. & M.'s best malt. Notwithstanding the opposition in our political opinions, which sometimes waxed warm, when I sent a gentle hint to drawing-room, my two

friends were deeply affected by my incarceration in '48, and at the prospective scene before me of my being hanged.

Occasionally we dined with the doctor at his lodgings, where a select half-dozen would assemble. Dr. Stack, a very nice fellow, son-in-law to —— Flood, Upper Mount Street, was always one of the jolly set at the codshead and shoulders, as Anthony termed his spreads. This famous dish, followed by roast lamb or other seasonable joint, with a few etceteras, was inimitable; and, as we were all good trenchermen, sound in wind and limb, we kept the goblets moving, relieved by a piquant supper of wild duck or snipe, and generally moved off all serene about two o'clock in the morning.

Uncle Sam's reunions were of a different fashion. Although separated from his wife—a tartar—he was ever sociable, perhaps increased by the release. Aunt Priss. lived with him since my father's death, and superintended his establishment. With him that old fashioned affair, a prime leg of mutton and turnips, was generally his standing dish, relieved by roast turkey or goose, chickens and bacon, and home-made pastry. Here we generally allowed him to be the lion of the party, and his stories and general convivial *jeu d'esprit* kept all parties amused. My three youngsters and uncle Will's two—I had the start of him—had a side table, and amused themselves as youngsters generally do on such occasions. Frequently we indulged in a pic-nic—Bray, Delgany, the Dargle, Waterfall, Lough Bray, Borna Breena, Killiney, or Howth, on my invitation. On those occasions, my brother, Samuel Fewtrell Meyler, acted as director-general, having as his head counsellor his master in legal mysteries Uncle Sam. The Doctor being sixteen stone weight, joined me in the

tilbury, and we acted as *avants couriers*, securing a bottle of pale sherry in the boot. Brother Sam drove the phaeton with as many ladies as it would accommodate, of course uncle Sam in the midst, whilst uncle Will, with the juveniles, on our outside, driven by my man James, in his sprightly cockade and yellow tops, pulled up the rere, the commissariat being distributed according to accommodation in the different vehicles.

Such scenes must have a termination, and I saw my friend Anthony in my cell in Kilmainham in 1848, being the finale of his many visits. He died shortly before my liberation in 1849, and was interred in the vaults of Westland Row chapel, where his brother rests beside him.

Amongst the commercial men of note of the period, I may mention

ROBERT ROE,

who died at Sans Souci, Merrion, about 1836. He was eldest brother of George Roe, and stood pre-eminent for character and abilities. He was the first Honorary Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and distinguished himself by his good common sense, eloquent reports, and what were considered sound commercial doctrines.

In the position he was succeeded by Charles Halliday, an eminent merchant in the Levant trade, and a director of the Bank of Ireland. Charles Halliday was distinguished for his gentlemanly bearing, commercial ability, and unobtrusive manners. He retired in favour of Francis Codd, but retained his position as Bank of Ireland director until his death.

Francis Codd was the first Roman Catholic who held the position, the directory having been exclusive until about 1840. He was a clever man on commercial and general subjects, spoke well and effectively when he

made himself up; but his manner was exceedingly brusque, his temper not the most amiable, and his personal encounters in the debate assumed a good deal of the gladiatorial style. In the Town Council, he certainly had John Reynolds and other sturdy champions to oppose him, and acquitted himself well on several occasions; but an insolence of manner to his equals and toadyism to the members of the bank parlour made him unpopular.

Of Arthur Guinness, President of the Chamber of Commerce, it is almost superfluous to write. His name goes to posterity as a prince merchant and philanthropist in the traditions of our city. Wherever trade was to be carried out, he shipped his manufacture, and his name was as well known in Canton, Calcutta, and every known part of the globe, as in London.

John M'Donnell and Thomas L. Kelly were the first Roman Catholics admitted to the council of the Chamber of Commerce; from thence to the directory of the Bank of Ireland, and both passed the chair as governors. John M'Donnell died some years since, respected and wealthy, in Merrion Square.

Thomas L. Kelly, an extensive wine merchant and agent for one of the principal Spanish houses, still attending closely to the Bank of Ireland, a perfect gentleman in appearance and manners, and highly esteemed as a merchant and citizen, looks as well as he did twenty years since.

Joseph Boyce is certainly the beau ideal of an ancient merchant. He decidedly was and still is one of the handsomest men of his age and day amongst his brother traders. His personal appearance, eloquence in conversation, suavity of manners, gave him an immense advantage, whilst his fund of commercial and general infor-

mation is unbounded: nevertheless he was considered too clever by half; and, although a director of the Royal Bank and many public companies, which must return a very handsome income, he was never a favourite with the Bank of Ireland directory. When Judge Macan, my old Sligo tutor, opened the new Bankrupt Court in the Royal Exchange about 1835 or '36, Joseph Boyce was his mentor in commercial matters; and he took many opportunities of consulting him until his death. He is a D.L. and J.P., and had been Lord Mayor I think about 1856. It is really a picture to see this fine old man on his cob horse, ambling to and from his official duties in the city, hardly a wrinkle on his face or a gray hair visible. He sits portly and erect as a field marshal, holding his riding whip like a baton.

George Roe, when he died, looked like a man twenty years younger than he was. Strongly built, about five feet nine inches in height, he appeared to have many years before him. No man held a more estimable position in the community. He latterly interfered little in politics or commercial matters, except in the affairs of the distillery. For many years as alderman of his ward—having passed the Lord Mayor's chair next after O'Connell, he was a most valuable councilman, and calmed many an angry dispute by the triteness of his observations and the urbanity of his manners. He was a D.L. and J.P., refused the representation of the city on many occasions, and died rather unexpectedly, lamented by all classes.

James Turbett rode into town every morning on a very indifferent cob horse, remained in his counting house from half-past ten to four o'clock, when he rode home as he came. He took no part in public companies, and I rarely

saw him in the Chamber of Commerce. He was the representative of an old firm cotemporary with the Roes, and died about a year since, leaving large property and a great commercial establishment to his sons. He was a hale, stout-built man, about five feet two, with a slight stoop, plain in his dress, and unaffected in his manner.

Laurence Malone came from a good old stock of Kildare farmers, went through the usual course, was an extensive wholesale grocer in Bride Street and Temple Lane, and, after a long and much respected career, died, aged eighty, some years since. He was father-in-law to M. H. Chamberlain, John Lyons and my brother Robert.

Denis Moylan, nephew to the celebrated Sil. Costigan, graduated with his uncle John in the rectifying distillery, John Street, to which he succeeded. He has conducted himself with prudence and respectability, has been governor of the Hibernian Bank, and Lord Mayor on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's first visit, whom he entertained with great magnificence. He married a lovely girl, daughter to David Fitzgerald, a retired merchant in Fleet Street, a fine old gentleman, with handsome florid complexion and expressive countenance, father of Judge Fitzgerald and David and Thomas, the eminent solicitors.

In connection with distillers, I must introduce Gerald Fitzgibbon, son to a respectable clothier in the city, who, being spirit clerk in James Jameson's distillery, whilst superintending "running the vats". found it necessary to study excise law, which gave him an aspiration to become a forensic professor. He studied hard, was called to the bar, and after making his fortune in defending all classes of smugglers, including distillers, maltsters, paper makers, etc., against the government, the latter rewarded

him first with a sergeantcy, and then a mastership in chancery, as successor to Acheson Lyle. Although Master Fitzgibbon does not belong to the order of Apollo Belvidere, he married a beautiful girl, still in her prime of womanhood, and always attracting admiration when she appears on horseback, in most graceful style, attended by her beau ideal

MASTER GERALD.

I claim him as belonging to, or rather starting from, the class commercial; for, had he not changed his views, he would have made a first class successor to Bob Haig, of Dodder Bank notoriety; and with his skill, tactics, and cute knowledge of the law, he might have baffled all her Majesty's Attorneys-General from that hour to this. Verily! my Lord Pam. well knew the saving to the revenue the elevation of this very clever lawyer would promote.

Two highly respected representatives of their several orders appeared every day on 'Change—after going through the ordeal of lunch and toilet—at three o'clock, the visiting hour for *distingués*—Sir John Kingston James, Bart., who had passed through the various gradations in the old corporation of common councilman, high sheriff, and twice Lord Mayor, also city treasurer, for which he enjoyed superannuation until his decease. He was a handsome, dark-complexioned man, with black, piercing eyes, about five feet nine inches; and, although exceedingly courteous in his manner, he was reserved and aristocratic, upholding the dignity of his station as one of the *noblesse*. In early life he attained the position of a merchant, resided in Rutland Square, was agent and relative of the great Oporto house of "Kingston", and was one of the most extensive importers of sugar and

coffee from Demarara, an original member of the council of the Chamber of Commerce, and a continuous director of the Bank of Ireland, a most estimable man, a good citizen, and a shining example to all young traders. It was really interesting to witness his graceful, affable *hauteur*, as he appeared on 'Change, with his perfect toilet finished off with a spencer, such as old Chancellor Manners wore in Sir John's younger days. He had passed through the politics of his day, and enjoyed in quiet the dignity of his position. True to his principles, he voted at the last election for his ward in 1869, and died a few days afterwards. He was succeeded in his title by his eldest son. Francis Edward enjoys the establishment, and his son C. H. James is official assignee in bankruptcy.

Robert Smyth, who raised himself to wealth, *embonpoint*, and sleekness, had just removed from his old concerns, Grafton Street, to his elegant establishment in Stephen's Green. Like Sir John, he also made his appearance "spencered" as one of the magnates of the family grocers and wine merchants, and was always received with the respect to which he was well entitled. He has been dead some years, and was succeeded by his son and namesake, who worthily maintains the position bequeathed to him.

Valentine O'B. O'Connor has always been a great count in the field of commerce, dashed away at a heavy rate, drove every day to and from his counting-house in a four-in-hand drag, in which he turned out on all occasions—reviews, races, Lord Mayor's shows, the ingress and egress of vicereignty, is a deputy lieutenant, has been a shrewd speculator, carrying on transactions of a varied kind to an immense extent—has been a large mail coach owner and contractor, both here and in England,

and, it is said, from a boat-load of turf to a railway, he never hesitates to speculate if the idea is formed. He is a director of the Royal Bank, possesses great wealth, stands well in public opinion, is connected with most of our public companies, and is a fine specimen of a Celt of the southern province.

Our much respected broker, Richard Franklin, died in 1838, succeeded by George Sherry, for whom Gillker and I took the offices. Henry Kyle died the following year, and was succeeded by James Stokes, an estimable little Englishman.

The year 1839 ended prosperously with me, beyond remotest expectation. My sales were at the rate of about half a million a year. Independent of my tea and sugar trade, I imported largely from Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France, much under the general ordinary rates, from the quantities I purchased. I had cleared off nearly all my stocks of teas and sugars at immense profits, and rested myself at Christmas with satisfaction from that terrific wear and tear of brain which the business of an extensive wholesale merchant ever entails, and which it is so difficult to escape. The year 1840 commenced with dulness; the trade were stocked; of course our markets were affected, as they always are, by those of London, and the system adopted by parties, then as now, who by the command of capital, generally raised for the purpose, and intimate information as to foreign stocks and shipments, by a combination amongst a few, raised or lowered the markets as it suited their purpose. The sugar trade was open to this species of operations from time immemorial, and operations for a rise or fall were continuously taking place. If for the former, purchases were made at Hamburgh and other continental markets, to set the ball

moving, false stock returns were sent in printed circulars in every direction, cargoes shipped to order went to continental ports out of the way, and the cargoes afloat were mysteriously offered, by sample, as a great boon to open-mouthed buyers. The operators having finished their little game, would then commence movements for a fall, circulated unexpected improvements in the crops in the West Indies, Demerara, Mauritius, etc.; that the apprehended floods from rains did not occur; then they would start arrival of news to sell without reserve. A reaction would occur in Liverpool, London, Glasgow, etc., and the markets tumbled, as sailors would say, by the run. London being the great emporium for teas and all East India produce, and the stocks being accurately reported, we considered ourselves tolerably safe. The lull after Christmas continued throughout January to the middle of February, 1840, when the sugar operators commenced in London, and worked the market up, an odd shilling at a time; then came manipulation of stocks all over Europe; the mania distemper became general, and I with others went heavily into brown sugars, which were worked up to eighty-five, above which rate they could not rig them. The operators then turned their attention to teas: a report was suddenly spread that the Chinese had destroyed the English and American factories at Canton, and that the British fleet were preparing to bombard that city, and the supply of teas could only be had by Russian caravans, which would make them stand at six shillings to seven shillings per pound, first cost, in bond.

The old monopolizing system of the East India Company had passed away, and new men and new systems had developed the East India trade to an enormous

extent; and some of the heaviest speculators were behind the scenes altogether, and transacted business through their brokers. The Manchester men had become enormous exporters of their manufactures, and imported teas in return, having an immense advantage over the shippers of Spanish dollars for the article. London and Liverpool men shipped Manchester goods. Great China importers started in almost every leading port, amongst whom Acreman, Bush, Castles and Co. took the lead. The excitement was worked up; those who had made immense fortunes in London and elsewhere were caught in the *furor*, and, amongst others, after clearing off my stock at three shillings and two-pence per pound, I went in again heavily at three shillings and two-pence half-penny per pound; but the home market being glutted, and the trade having purchased to the extent of their means, speculative purchasers ceased altogether, and as a matter of course a stagnation in teas, sugars, and all branches of the grocery trade followed. About the middle of 1840, our markets were all sick and gloomy, the banks raised the rate of interest to check speculators, which they should have done a year before; and as I required to go to London, I determined to have some holidays, the first I indulged since I went to business in 1834, six years hard straining of the brain.

Mrs. M., my lively little daughter, and I started in the mail boat from Kingstown; and arriving at Liverpool the following morning, stopped at the Adelphi—Radly's. Here we had my old friend Mainwaring, his wife, and other friends to dinner. Of course I showed my charge the "lions" of the place; spent the following day with Mainwaring, and on the subsequent one started by early train for London *via* Manchester and Birmingham, where,

arriving in due course, we stopped at Bridge Street Hotel—another Radly's—near Blackfriar's Bridge. Being well acquainted with everything worth seeing, and every direction in the great confederacy of cities and boroughs, I kept them in active motion the greater part of our stay. Of course I brought them to Greenwich, the Parks, Zoological Gardens, etc.; and after remaining a week, started by early train on a Sunday morning for Berkhamstead on our return. Left Berkhamstead at ten o'clock P.M. by rail for Birmingham, where we stopped at the Swan Inn, remaining until the following evening; thence by mail coach to Shrewsbury, stopping one night at the White Lion; thence by mail to the Hand Inn, Llangollen, where we remained two days; thence to the Penryn Arms, Bangor, where we stopped two days; and hiring a Welsh round car, we crossed Menai Bridge, spent several hours in Beaumaris, where we dined, visiting the ancient and interesting castle; from thence to Plas Newd, returning to Bangor; the following day proceeded by mail to Holyhead, and by boat to Kingstown.

From an unpublished poem, which I composed on the death of my young and lamented companion I extract the following

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

Methinks I see you now as then,
Or when to Westminster we hied,
I placed you on Victoria's throne,
And on the woolsack by its side,
And sought each scene of worthy note,
To please thy young inquiring mind,
By rail, by coach, by car, by boat,
Whate'er of interest to find.

At Berkhamstead on Cowper's lawn
 We tripped the green sward over,
 You with the lightness of a fawn,
 Until we reached the old thatched home
 Of him whose fame dies never,
 Whose 'Morn and Evening Walks' are gone,
 Whose 'Task' and 'Table-talk' are done,
 But live with us for ever.

In the snug inn
 Where ladies smile
 Presiding, shone
 In graceful style,
 Making a home
 For those who stray
 In pleasure's stream
 Or misery.
 We found the cheer
 Which travellers crave,
 And made head quarters
 Until eve.

AYLESBURY.

* * *
 Out from the village, o'er the rail,
 And driving past the Briton's moat,
 Dashing we crossed that lovely vale,
 And reached the summit on our right.

Glorious the view
 Beneath, around,
 The stream below,
 The wooded mound
 Fringing the slope,
 Where golden grain
 From the hill top
 To outstretched plain,
 A generous crop
 Waved 'neath the sun.

* * *
 The cottage with its red-tiled roof,
 Its snow-white walls, its trellised pride,
 Supporting vines whose branches stoop
 In swelling glory down its side.

The woodbine round its latticed porch
 Its dear loved clustering blossom spreads,
 'Neath which the flame of Hymen's torch
 Has wiled young hearts and wiser heads.

LLANGOLLEN.

* * * * *

Passing through Oswestry, we staid,
 In sweet Llangollen's mountain vale.
 A pilgrimage to the scene we made
 Of Ponsonby and Butler's cell,
 Eccentric maidens there to dwell,
 Secluded from the world's display
 Of life, its varied good or ill,
 Wasting their wearying souls away,
 Vain victims to misanthropy;
 And clambering o'er the mountain height,
 To famed Crow Castle we ascended.
 Your young heart bounded with delight,
 Viewing the scene around so bright,
 Alas with, you so sadly ended.
 Then to Llewellyn's grave we hied,
 Or wandered by the Dee's dark flood,
 Returning by that river side,
 To the "Hand Inn" for rest and food.

A WELSH BARD.

Oh! joyous was that evening time,
 The scenery around sublime,
 The luxury of our retreat,
 So snug the room, the style so neat,
 The mountain mutton and the ale,
 Pride of the landlady, and all
 Who dwell within Llangollen's vale.
 Our tea being o'er, and weary,
 We thought to seek repose,
 When strains of music sounded near,
 So sweet, so plaintive, it arose,
 Filling our spirits with surprise,
 Thrilling our souls with ecstasies
 Changed was the note—a merry strain

Sounded aloud and filled the air.
 Could "Ariel" have appeared again,
 Leaving old "Prospero's" isle for here?
 Our maidenly attendant's glance,
 The mystery solved when coming near,
 Inviting us to join the dance
 Being held upon the old hall floor.
 Off to the sport we joyous sprang,
 Glorious the scene of merry glee,
 Maidens and youths were moving on
 In lively dance to minstrelsy,
 "Ariel" himself could not outvie.
 Such a gay scene might charm a sage,
 Or vestal's icy feelings move,
 To gaze upon that group where age
 Roused every sense of joy and love.
 Silken his hair, his eyelids closed,
 External vision he had none,
 But in his face there stood aroused
 A mental one which grandly shone
 With pathos, fire, with war, with love,
 As o'er the lyre each master move
 Struck to the heart, the sense, the soul,
 Entralld with estasy them all.

* * * *

Now on the steamer's deck we pace,
 Now gaze upon the fitful spray,
 On passengers with cheerful face,
 Or such as turn their looks away
 In painful writhing agony,
 Or sunset as it tints on high
 The flickering airy clouded sky,
 With golden hues of brilliancy,
 'Till the lost shadows melt away.
 The morning found us cosily
 Discussing salmon, ham, and tea,
 In Curry's famous hostelry,
 Whence by the rail and low-backed car
 We reached our homestead near Rathgar.
 Glad to retreat in quietude,
 After such scenes by field and flood,
 And each variety of moving,
 Ending at home our two weeks' roving.

FATHER MATTHEW.

Theobald Matthew had come and gone; the followers who surrounded him spread the monomania in every direction in Dublin and elsewhere; the South had been worked previously, and his disciples spread like a simoom over the entire land. Distillers, brewers, grocers, and country shopkeepers, who combined the latter with chandlery, ironmongery, etc., were paralyzed. Thousands gathered up their all, and fled the country and their creditors as from a plague. Every time I opened my letter-box I had a fresh batch of insolvent notices and about one hundred distilleries and breweries were shut up; the owners, clerks, workmen, and their families were reduced to destitution.

About twenty thousand shopkeepers were ruined—if old, driven into the poorhouses; if active and able, they and their assistants emigrated. The labour market was considerably reduced. The small farmers, who depended on shopkeepers for credit until their crops were round, lost that back, and were remorselessly sued at every quarter sessions. The banks curtailed their discounts more than one-half, and rejected all paper at all doubtful; and, to use a very respectable trader's phrase, "credit was dead". Consternation reigned throughout the land fully equal to, if not greater than, that in 1846-47. It was equally felt by the English and Scotch wholesale houses, who were thus suddenly cut off from an immense market, and who must have lost millions, for the Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Glasgow manufacturers felt it equally with those in the wholesale grocery trade. What is the result? After causing the ruin of the country, and its bone and sinew, find, if you can, a single individual out of a thousand who took Father Matthew's pledge and did not break it.

The result of our tea and sugar speculations was equally lamentable. The bank screw first put on, then came the announcement that the Americans had remained friends with the Chinese, and that teas would be shipped through American vessels as extensively as they had been. Acting accordingly as lighters, they supplied the British shipping in the offing with full cargoes, as fast as they were able to load. Down went the tea market at once one shilling per pound; and, as sugars were generally regulated by similar operations, it was discovered that the stocks on the Continent and in Great Britain were ample—an immense quantity had been duty paid prior to an advance in duties—were hid away, and kept altogether out of stock lists. The sugar market went down ten shillings, and a struggle took place between buyers and holders; teas gradually receded from three shillings and three-pence to tenpence halfpenny, and sugars from eighty-five to fifty-six shillings. The failures, both wholesale and retail, between Father Matthew's operations and those in the tea and sugar markets, were terrific, and every one foreboded the very worst.

One day, just before the announcement of the fall in the market, and when the Matthewites were devastating in every direction, my noble old friend Patrick Hayes said to me quietly: "Meyler, I am going to buy ten hogsheads of sugar from Abel Labertouche; he never refused me before; if he does now, it is all up". He went up to Hone's office; in a few minutes a sample drawer came down and was placed beside me. Hayes came in smiling; the ten hogsheads, duty paid, were worth £600, and he sold them at once for cash, having himself three months' credit. Being a rectifyer, he at once sent travellers all over the country, taking orders for cordials, pushed

the trade with buyers whilst it lasted, and died about fifteen years afterwards, worth forty thousand pounds! a splendid specimen of commercial enterprise and intellect. Charles Kennedy, Cornelius Dennehy, and many others, who understood the trade, also made fortunes by Theobald Matthew, exemplifying the old adage,

“One man’s meat is another man’s poison”.

BURNT OUT.—WOUND UP.

It is not my intention to detail the misfortunes of my fellow traders, but Pettigrew and Oulton’s *Directory*—the origin of Thom’s—of the subsequent year ceased to record the names of hundreds who had lived in high repute and competence, never again to be enrolled amongst our citizens. In almost every case in my own trade I was a creditor, and in no case did I refuse what I considered a fair settlement, considering the parties victims of circumstances and not of indiscretion or design. There were, however, a few exceptions, parties that escaped to New York, one of whom passed forged bills to a large amount, the other carried off what he could, and both became wealthy in New York. There are others on the list before, to whom I gave full acquittance to large amounts without receiving a shilling, some of whom are now men of wealth, and others who, having compounded for small amounts, afterwards became wealthy in the city and elsewhere, who should not forget that their moral obligations were not wiped out by a legal discharge. We have had numerous honourable examples of commercial men who, on arriving at independence, repaid old legally discharged debts in full, with interest.

My struggle now became serious. I kept selling teas in London and elsewhere at a loss of two shillings per pound.

My stores in Cope Street, now Thomas Kelly and Son's, were filled with sugar, and I also had a large stock in Reilly's Crane, now William Hogg and Co.'s bonded stores. These I sold at a loss of thirty shillings per hundred; still I worked on like a philosopher, determined to steer my bark if possible into smooth water.

I was startled about four o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 24th September, 1840, by a loud knocking at the door, and on opening the window, poor uncle Will in a state of great excitement shouted, "Come down, come down, all the concerns in Eustace Street and Temple Lane are on fire!" I lost no time in joining him; he had climbed the iron railings in front, about six feet in height, and had a car at the gate. We arrived just as the last portion of the stores had fallen in; the fire was got under by the National, Royal Exchange, and Sun engines, under the able superintendence of Mr. Todhunter, secretary to the former. The front concerns in Eustace Street were saved, but the stores in Temple Lane were burned to the ground. My neighbours and the police had rendered every assistance in their power in saving my stock, but the most valuable portion, amongst which there were about five thousand pounds' worth of spice, isinglass, etc., three hundred boxes of candy, a thousand casks of mustard, four hundred boxes cigars, several tons of coffee, etc., etc., was destroyed. Under the able superintendence of Mr. Todhunter, about a thousand pounds' worth was saved, including about fifty large jars of Lucca oil, which would have been the means of destroying the adjoining premises of stores and houses at either side.

The whole scene was a melancholy wreck, and the performance left for me was thanking my friends and ordering a sufficiency of refreshment for those who were

fatigued by their kind exertions. My favourite gig mare, which I had left in town to rest after a hard day's driving, was standing in Temple Lane, burned all over the chest and shoulders. It was a touching sight when my groom went over to her, and on patting her on the head, she placed it on his shoulder, as much as saying: "My friend, can you relieve me?" There was no remedy but death, and I sent her off to Guy's livery stables in Crown Alley to be shot, and poor James, crying like a child—having been a teetotaller—took a draught of whiskey and did not recover from drinking for a fortnight after. The van horse was burnt to ashes, and I was told the frightened neighs of the horses and the squeeling of the rats was appalling.

Uncle Will and his family circle had a narrow escape from martyrdom, the flames having reached the servants' room at the top of the house, before it was discovered.

Unappalled at the devastation of my establishment and stock, my first movement was looking after my books and insurance policies. They were all secure. The policy with the Sun for five thousand pounds on stock, and that with the National for the premises, were all right, but that with the Royal Exchange for five thousand pounds had lapsed about a fortnight previous from neglect. This was a serious and most provoking matter, as the stock was worth eight thousand pounds, but, of course there was no use in grieving over it, as that style of operation would not pay. Two magnificent paintings, one by Woovermanns, another by Molinear, were in the debris of ruin. I had the rubbish carted away, put in my claim to the insurance offices, sent for John Phayre of William Street, who commenced rebuilding without delay. The premises 7 Cecilia Street and 12 Crow Street, which

had belonged to my late tailor, Young, I purchased from his daughter, an interesting girl, married afterwards to John Gallie of Fleet Street, who was executor to her father, and, like a cannie Scot, secured his daughter and her little fortune, of which this purchase money formed part. The insurance money was promptly paid by the Sun and National, and I prepared to resume my commercial pursuits. From the London *Times* I extract the following:—

“DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

“About half-past one o'clock on Tuesday night a fire broke out in the very extensive stores of Mr. Meyler, Temple Lane, Dublin, which for fury, rapidity of progress, and destruction of property, has not been equalled in our city for some time. The fire was first discovered by a servant girl who resides in Mr. Meyler's house in Eustace Street, the stores being at the rear of the house, and extending backwards as far as Temple Lane. The girl slept in a top room of the house, and having awoke about the above hour, she saw flames issuing from the windows of the stores, and immediately gave the alarm. Intelligence was at once conveyed to Mr. Meyler, who resides in the country, some two miles from the metropolis, and by the time he arrived in town, about half-past three o'clock, his counting-house and stores, with his extensive and valuable stock of goods, were one confused mass, mingled with the ruins of the building. As soon as the first notice of the fire was given, Mr. Inspector Mullins, from College Street, and Mr. Walsh, the superintendent of the B division of police, repaired to the spot, with a large body of police under their command. A

strong force of mounted police were also in attendance. The engines of the Sun, Caledonian, Royal Exchange, and some other insurance offices, were promptly in attendance, but they might as well have been in the engine-house for any good they effected, there being no water procured for more than two hours after the fire was first discovered, and it was then only obtained in a small quantity from the main in the street, which had to be broken open, and by the time the engines got to play, the whole of the stores and goods were a chaos of burning embers. The ruins at present are a most melancholy spectacle. Property, consisting of the goods above enumerated, to the value of more than five thousand pounds, has been completely destroyed, not one pennyworth being saved. Two very fine young horses that were in the stable under the stores, lie buried in the ruins. Nothing in the stores escaped the calamity, all being involved in universal destruction. At present the origin of the fire is a mystery, and, although Mr. Meyler must of necessity suffer to a considerable extent by the stoppage of his trade, yet we are happy to say that he is covered by insurance, at least to the amount of property destroyed".—*London Times*, September 26th, 1840.

Taking stock for the 30th September, 1840, was a very simple operation. After realizing enormous profits on teas and sugars, I suffered enormous losses in clearing out stock, and the duty-paid stock of other goods was cleared off by the fire, whilst the stock of debts was reduced by a large amount written off as total loss. I give the following extracts from the statement of an eminent accountant, for the two years ending 30th September, 1840:—

	Profit.	Loss and Expenditure.
Teas,	£2,768 5 0	Balance of bad debts
Coffee,	2,063 11 1	after receiving di-
Sundry goods con- }		vidends,
sisting of spices, Le- }	2,240 4 11	My personal expenses,
vant and Mediter- }		Trade expenses, sala-
anean produce, etc. }		ries, rent, interest,
Sugars,	643 8 11	etc., etc.,
Wine, fruit, cigars, etc.,	488 13 3	

As my concerns were re-building, and trade almost altogether stopped owing to the general stagnation, my clerks had little to do, and my apprentices less, so they had a moiety of their time for amusement until the stores were rebuilt, when they were all again occupied in arranging the large arrivals of new stock of various descriptions to replace that destroyed. As I could not well stand idle, on being introduced to Frederick Jackson, I took from him Leinster Lodge and grounds, extending from Rathmines Road, and including gate lodge, to Todd's boundary, and some houses were afterwards built on the garden attached. I pulled down the old farm house and erected two new houses on its site, with stuccoed fronts, planted the grounds with trees at an expense of about eight hundred pounds. I then took an angular field, containing one acre, at the rere of Quinton's houses, with an avenue seventy feet wide, from Leinster Road, the field and avenue subject to nineteen pounds per annum. I afterwards took three lots adjoining Robinson's cottages, extending to and including the grounds of F. Stokes's cottages near Leinster Road West, some of the land running near four hundred feet in depth, and through which a road now runs to Rathgar, giving great additional frontage, and on part of which Gill's house now stands. I had those lots at about one shilling per foot on the Leinster Road frontage, and free of rent for three years. The road was looked on as a first class spe-

culatation, and I thought I had secured a *bona fide* grip on the surface of old mother earth. Prior to the fire, having very heavy stocks of coffees, wines, etc., lying in bond in the Custom-house, which, from the position of trade, were unsaleable, to assist the sinews of war I had raised a considerable amount on their security, and the stores were completed and stocked about the 1st of January, 1841. Robert Gray, who transacted my English business, often mulcted me in time of pressure, but he did it above board, and made his terms in a straightforward, manly manner; money was his stock in trade, and he was only doing what all bankers and brokers have been doing since the abolition of the usury laws, in a far more summary and illegal manner; and to save themselves from bankruptcy the Bank of England directory, in 1866, applied to, and received an order in council from Government permitting them to charge twelve per cent. per annum after Overend, Gurney, and Co., and the other monster failures. In fact, in times of pressure the banks were sure to put on the screw just when their best customers required their support; and but for Robert Gray, with all his brusqueness, many hundreds of traders would have bitten the dust, and been driven to the tender mercies of the bankrupt court. He had an unlimited command of capital in London and elsewhere, and if his terms were sometimes harder than bank rates, the operation was well worth the price. He was a little domineering to some parties, who, perhaps, richly deserved it; but he was always civil to his customers, and I have known him to do many kind and disinterested acts; amongst others, in hard times, it was a common thing for him to take checks dated forward, sometimes a week or ten days, without

security, to retire parties' bills at the last moment, where otherwise they would have been ruined.

My importation of wines from Cadiz, Oporto, and London, in the two years, in pipes, butts, hogsheads, and quarter casks, was equal to four hundred pipes and butts, on which I paid Richard O'Callaghan, wine cooper, one hundred pounds cooperage fees, at five shillings per butt, at that time a ridiculous incubus on the wine trade.

I imported from Charente *via* Bordeaux two thousand hampers of Champagne, one dozen each, and held auctions at James Stokes's offices three or four times a year. I generally had one of the earliest cargoes of fruit from Malaga and Valentia, with raisins, grapes, melons, and Malaga wines, which I also put up to auction, as recorded in advertisements of the day.

I carried on a very extensive trade with George Lazenby, the celebrated pickle and sauce manufacturer, Parliament Street. My contracts with him were about five thousand pounds yearly, and imported for him annually from Bordeaux, hogsheads of olives, gherkins, cauliflowers, beans, vinegar, maccaroni, and vermicelli. His order for my Leghorn importations was generally three hundred cases of Lucca oil, ten jars of same, one hundred barrels of anchovies, two hundred boxes of maccaroni and vermicelli. I had a special warehouse fitted up for his manufacture, and, as in many other articles, I kept English dealers at bay. During the stagnation in 1840, finding my stocks lying heavy, not knowing where to sell, the solvent traders being stocked, I exported to Quebec fifty hogsheads of Lazenby's pickles and sauces, five hundred casks of mustard, ten pipes of Port wine, some twenty large cases of Hock and Moselle; to New York, five hundred boxes of raisins; and two hundred

boxes of raisins and ten cases of French plums to Liverpool. The net proceeds of those shipments were about one-fourth cost price. With the exception of two years, I always continued my connection with Lazenby until 1853, finding him the same blunt, straightforward, honourable trader. He was married to Miss Griglietti, a once celebrated singer—still alive—and died, very much regretted, of paralysis, in Park Avenue, Sandymount, in 1855. His eldest son, George P. Lazenby, is a commercial traveller of repute.

In February, 1840, through one of my town travellers, William Gibson, who also was agent for John Boyd and Co. of London, hop merchants, I purchased sixty pockets of Kent hops—about twelve tons—at sixty shillings per cwt., nine months' credit—the lowest price known for years. I received from Gibson the sample of the parcel, with the number of the pockets and growers' names, and a contract note of the sale, all of which in his presence I sealed and put in the safe. About a week after I was furnished with the invoice by post, and Gibson a few days after presented me with a bill, drawn at six months, for the amount, about eight hundred pounds, showing a letter from Boyds, stating that they would renew the bill at maturity for three months, making the full credit agreed on. As this, on the face of the transaction, had a most irregular appearance, and made me cautious in committing myself, I mentioned to him that I would send a delivery order to my London agents, H. and J. Johnston and Co., and on their receiving them I would accept the bill. Johnsons wrote, stating that Boyds would not or could not deliver the hops; and Gibson made a rambling statement to me, which I saw at once was shuffling, and indignantly told him that I would hold Boyds to their

contract, which I would make them fulfil. In fact, the market had taken a sudden start, and they wanted to evade the sale. Gibson left my employment some time after, and the matter lay over until the prompt terminated in November, 1840, when Charles Butler, one of the firm, presented my order again, and tendered the amount of invoice in Bank of England notes. Boyds refused to deliver, without any explanation; the hops were worth one hundred and twenty shillings per cwt. Uncle Sam and my brother S. F. Meyler, my solicitors, had Boyd served at Gibson's, in Strand Street, with a *capias* for eight hundred pounds, the amount of profit.

In May, 1841, the stagnation in trade continuing, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's vacillations, far too serious respecting the duties of foreign and colonial coffees, rendering their sale wholly impossible, my stocks, both here and in London, in bond, being very considerable, as also my bonded stock of spices, wine, brandy, etc., whilst my duty-paid stocks were very heavy, I found it impossible to convert them into cash or solvent bills, and consulted with my Irish creditors, who advised me at once to seek an extension of time on my payments for four, five, and six months, paying twenty shillings, with interest. Brancker and Co., Harrison, Pearson, and Co., who were also agents for the former, and three other Liverpool houses, were creditors. Those firms had met in Liverpool, and sent Pearson over as their authorised agent, who on our interview agreed, in writing, for himself and the others to my proposal. My Irish creditors, my uncle being chief—were satisfied at the arrangement. The bills of renewal with interest were prepared, and Brancker and Co. forwarded and acknowledged, when, on the 9th of June, Harrison and Co. wrote to me, stating

that they would not abide by the agreement, and asked for a special bill, at a short date, for their amount. I peremptorily refused, as a matter of principle, to give any party a preferential settlement, and expressed my surprise that they, who had agreed, in writing, for themselves and the other firms, should make such a proposition.

On the 18th of June, whilst at the Commercial Buildings, I was surprised at the information that Harrison, Pearson, and Co. had issued a city attachment for four hundred pounds, and that bailiffs had possession of the stock. I need not dwell on the merciless nature of such a proceeding. I at once gave two bail for the amount for my appearance, the bail having to qualify for £1,600 each. Thus, having to give bail for £3,200 for a debt of £420, the proceedings were withdrawn, but not until an Irish creditor, disgusted at the conduct of those English firms, issued another proceeding for £1,000, and under sheriff's sale levied £500 at a loss, under cost price, of £700. He then suspended the sale, but of course the establishment was blown; and after fresh negotiations, which were finally broken off, it was placed in bankruptcy on the 22nd of February, 1842. In the interim, I pursued my action against Boyd and Co., but on coming to trial, in November, 1841, Gibson swore that I had waived the contract by saying "I did not care for it", although Charles Butler proved presenting the order in the first instance, and again on the termination of the credit in nine months, tendering the amount of invoice in Bank of England notes; the contract note and samples being exhibited in court, and the marketable value proved by Alderman Cornelius Egan, Bachelor's Walk. There was a verdict against me. Then came the last

struggle. After dividing stock amongst my Irish creditors, I disposed of the remainder and the concerns to Uncle Will for £600, his bills for which I sent to Brancker and Co. to divide with the others, and which were duly paid.

I give the following extract from catalogue of stock sold under bankruptcy, on which the loss was between two and three thousand pounds:

27 tierces, 8 bales, 273 bags, coffee, net weight 460 cwt., 2qrs. 12lb.

10 casks nutmegs, 3 bales cloves.

5 bales white pepper.

10 casks brandy.

10 pipes, 8 hhds., 3 quarter casks of wine.

The total loss, by sacrifice of property and expenses, arising from the proceedings of Harrison and Pearson, amounted to close on £6,000, from 28th of June, 1841, to February, 1842.

The indignation of my friends was intense. Every account in Dublin was closed on Harrison, Pearson, and Co. Within a few years most of the parties in Liverpool were bankrupts. John Harrison died in 1867, before which we shook hands, and I forgave him, and there is not a vestige of the others remaining. I was now driven to bay. I opposed Harrison's proceedings at every point in the Record Court and in the Common Pleas, where they induced another of the parties to proceed on a £120 bill. Through my lawyers I denounced these proceedings in court, and exhibited the agreement, which they all signed and broke.

IN SHERIFF'S PRISON AND MARSHALSEA.

About December, 1841, I was arrested for Boyd's costs, and confined in the Sheriffs' Prison for a week, when I

heard them. Here was a change of scene, and in one respect an elevation in position. On the top landing of a four-story building were what were called state rooms, furnished in a very indifferent state, and I was introduced into the one which, forty years before, had been the residence of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, where he spent a considerable time, until released by the generous conduct of his bootmaker, who made him the large advance of five hundred pounds on security of his word of honour. As at that period there was no insolvent law, and no release from a debtor's prison but on paying the amount, what a phase in the world's history was caused by the disinterested philanthropy of a Dublin tradesman. As the Mornington family was in very straitened circumstances, poor Wellesley might have remained, as thousands have done, rotting and pining away under the infamous law of arrest for debt, until he was carried out, according to the old saying, heels foremost.

In the room to which I was introduced was a portly, respectable looking man, named Hogan, who owned some house property in Harcourt Terrace, Adelaide Road, near the Grand Canal. As I was the newest "fish", it was my duty and my inclination to stand dinner and liquids, and accordingly gave my groom Cassidy directions to provide everything suitable from a hotel in Bolton Street. In due time we discussed the inner comforts, and spent a jolly evening, until bed-time. My invitation having extended to the state-room prisoners, we sat down a dozen to table, being at the rate of three prisoners to each of the four rooms. Before closing for the night, Hogan and O'Brien and all were pretty well lined with edibles and champagne and whiskey punch, etc., etc. Strange, under

what circumstances the mind of man varies in action and feeling! For months I had been murky, anxious, savage, sometimes panting for vengeance, determined to pursue my own course to the last move. Here, in Wellington's room in the Sheriffs' Prison, I became gay, jolly, eat, drank, smoked, and sang with the liveliest; and there were some lively, gay fellows there—amongst others, a little cricket of an attorney, named Lorenzo Keogh, brother to the embryo and honourable repealer, now Judge William. We retired for the night at eleven o'clock, the lights were put out, and I at once fell asleep, when, after about two hours, I was awoken by a loud noise in the apartment, like the slashing of swords. Peeping cautiously from my corner, I observed my mate Hogan marching up and down the room in his shirt, with a bundle in his left hand and a dragoon's sword in his right. With the latter he slashed at everything as he passed—the posts of his bed, the fire-place and fire irons—which awakened me—and when at the nearest post of my bed, he cursed, gnashed his teeth, foamed at the mouth, accused parties who he imagined he was slashing at with having poisoned and robbed him. There was no mistake about my friend Hogan's being a stark, staring madman; for, in the excitement of the battle in the air, his shirt fell off, and disclosed the whole outward man. As I had no fancy to face the imposing weapon, and considering discretion the better part of valour, I waited his onward movement to the door beside my bed, and, after giving the foot-post of it a deep cut, he made a thrust at the door, which stunned him a little, and, as the blade had penetrated several inches, it held firm at his pull. Now was my opportunity. Darting out of bed, I threw him on the floor, seized the handle of the sabre,

chucked it out of the timber wound, and, placing my foot on the chest of the madman, swore I would chop off his head if he did not surrender. The poor fellow acknowledged himself conquered, craved mercy while I whetted the edge of the sabre on the table, and, on his promising to retire to bed and never make a night attack again, I allowed him to rise, when, whipping up his shirt, he darted into bed, covered himself up with the blankets "over head and ears", and, mumbling some words about his being beaten by the legion of devils who surrounded him, he kept himself quiet for the remainder of the night, whilst I lay awake with the sword and candle on the table which I placed beside me. In this establishment—long since closed as a prison, and now used as an auxiliary to the North Union Workhouse—I met the usual average of classes, from the perfect gentleman and the honest, honourable, professional and trader, to the keenest schemer and the most depraved swaggerer in society. Victims of the turf, the hells, of family scheming—as was the case with poor Hogan—of dissipation and drunkenness, as was the case with a moiety. Some women and several young scamps, who wore the semblance of heirs, and taught their tailors, bootmakers, and others, lessons in book-keeping.

When I awoke in the morning, poor Hogan was fast asleep, after the fatigue of his midnight encounter. I waited until the breakfast was ready before disturbing him, and, when I called out, he started from where he couched himself under the bedclothes, bolt upright, staring about the room, perfectly nude, as he retired, with the exception of a greasy old night-cap, something like the shape of Louis Philippe's wig. I treated the affair of the previous night in a jocular manner until after breakfast.

I then told him the interesting performance he had passed through, and, assuming a serious face, I said such violent proceedings could not be tolerated; that as he said his friends wished to place him in a lunatic asylum if he did not maintain a more dignified composure, I would at once write, and assist them to place him in one. He was at once cowed down. During my week's stay I kept possession of the sabre, extinguished the light, kept the candlestick by my bedside, and, taking my advice, he prayed heartily against the temptations of the evil one, until I desired him to "shut up, and go to sleep". As I had a good table every day, and the smell was revivifying along the corridor, my friends of the state rooms required no special invitation, and, as my stay was a limited one, and I wished to be jolly, I humoured them to their satisfaction, and at the termination of the week, having settled my little bill, I returned to 12 Summer Hill, our town residence for the winter.

Now came on the tug of war. Harrison pushed on his proceedings. I had collected all the good debts, and paid the money away to different creditors, and judgment was had on the bill, when I retired to quiet lodgings at Bowerville, Donnybrook, and waited the upshot. Bailiffs were hunting for me in every direction to no purpose. In about a month a docket of bankruptcy was struck against me, and on the day appointed I went into court, surrendered, and obtained my protection. My attention was now directed to make out my schedule, which, with the assistance of my bookkeeper, Alexander Frew, I completed in time for the lodgment day, disclosing a melancholy history of the proceedings from Harrison's attachment, and giving a description of the infamous conduct of him and his *confreres*, a summary of which I published

in all the Dublin papers of the 15th June, 1843. On the first day of hearing, an imposing opposition from the Liverpool parties took place, as I anticipated, before Judge Macan, my old writing master in Sligo. My counsel, J. D. Fitzgerald, then a fast rising young barrister, defended me with great ability. The Irish creditors complained of the sacrifice of property and destruction of my establishment through the perfidious conduct of the Liverpool houses, and the case was adjourned for some time. It was evident, Macan's prejudices were altogether in favour of the great English opposition, he passed over their conduct, and read their *bona fide* agreement without a comment, directed me to make out a special balance-sheet, which I did, and lodged with the assignee in time for the third meeting, sending a copy to the opposition attorney. The schedule was fully vouched, not a flaw could be pointed out in it. I made a full and true discovery of the entire transactions, which entitled me by the bankrupt law to pass my final examination; but Macan's animus, his fractious temper, his vanity to exhibit himself before English merchants, his chagrin at recollecting the position in which we first met, and annoyance at the appearance of Uncle Will, at one time being on the eve of becoming his brother-in-law, made him forget his position as a judge, his acquired knowledge as a lawyer, his oath to administer justice between party and party, and, in the most intemperate manner, and he subsequently adjourned my examination *sine die*.

I protested against his judgment in court; I denounced him before the officers and those assembled; I denounced him in the hall and through the city; and for years after, whenever I met him promenading in town with all the dignity of a pedagogue, I made him keep out of my way

on the footpath. From week to week, and from year to year, I managed to keep the affair ringing in his conscience, until, ten years after, he seized the opportunity of making a restitution of justice, and I almost forgave him. Now came another consideration. My bail were accountable for my appearance for £3,200. The question was how this should be got rid of, and Uncle Sam was deputed to spare no expense in consulting counsel on the subject. But the old man, presuming on his knowledge of law in the superior courts, without knowing anything whatever the court of record, formed a very simple plan in his own mind to get out of the difficulty. Telling me it was all right, he promised to meet me in town with my protection in my pocket, which had been renewed for a month. The old gentleman appeared as gay as if going to a pic-nic. We proceeded to the City Marshalsea in Green Street. He asked to see the Governor, Mr. Carpenter, and, on his appearance, stated he came to surrender me to my bail for £1,600 each, and requested a receipt for my body, which was duly handed to him; then turning to me, desired me to produce my protection, which I did, demanding my release under it; but Carpenter refused my request until he consulted his brother-in-law, F. Maçdonogh, Q.C., to whom he proceeded, whilst we remained in his office. On his return he—under advice—declined to recognise the protection. I looked at old Sam, such a look as never withered his smirking, little sallow face before, but my look told him he had betrayed me with his infernal self-opinion. I saw through the whole matter at once. Had he moved the proceedings by *certio rari* to the Court of Queen's Bench, there would have been no occasion for a surrender. I did look at him like a basilisk, told him to go to —, as a

stupid old brute, told the turnkey to put him out of the hatch, and at once resigning to my position, requested the governor to let me have a "*state apartment*". The governor kindly invited me into his sitting-room, made me take a biscuit and two or three glasses of sherry; and after a short time it was announced that my apartment was ready. Thanking him, I retired with my chaperon, and, after ascending three or four flights of rickety stairs in a dilapidated old building, I was introduced into a dirty little room that once had been whitewashed, two old chairs, a rickety table, an ancient bed and bedstead, and a sufficiency of iron bars to the diminutive window. Nabocklish! a fellow who had slept for weeks in the woods and prairies of Canada West, with the heavy night dews for his covering, and the music of howling wolves as his lullaby, might content himself in the comparative luxury before him.

I am and always have been an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature and art, and have paid for my whistle in both. A female figure was before me on my entering the room, kindling a tiny fire to dry it, which had received a rough wash. As all the other state rooms were vacant, and I was being perched some forty feet above the crowd of prisoners in the common hall, I trusted at least I would have something to look at and converse with in this my roosting place; but mother, of Moses! how did I shudder on beholding the individual female who turned round to greet me. Macbeth's witches were angels in comparison to her, and much more juvenile. Augh! I turned off in disgust, lit a cigar, promenaded the long, narrow, dirty corridor, cursing the old hag, old Sam, old Macan, and everything old and disagreeable which occurred to my remembrance.

Below were about two dozen men, of varied costume, ages, physique, and comportment—some playing at ball, some smoking and chatting on the worn out benches,—some perambulating up and down a special nook, away from the court, with all the vehemence of an athlete at a prize race—some moping about, looking down on the unpaved yard, as if searching for a spot for their last resting place—whilst others were joking, laughing, jeering, and shouting, as if the common hall of the prison was a ball room, and the unpaved yard, with its hollow receptacles of mud, a gay parterre, on which to smoke, bask in the sun, or lie in the shade, like joyous satyrs in their merriest mood. Shortly after taking possession of my new quarters, a deputation from the COMMON HALL waited on me, requesting the accustomed fee from a new fish, which I promptly paid. A short time after, the hall resounded with the old prison roundelay, commencing:

“ Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this queer, but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, or setter
Dare to show his murky face”.

This was their evening hymn, and repeated in full chorus on every fresh arrival. I was roused from my reverie at the window by the croaking tone of my dame of all work inquiring as to her culinary operations; and, throwing her half a sovereign, I desired her to get in the necessary supplies for dinner, and a quart of Bernard Kiernan's best malt with lump sugar and lemon. My brother, accompanied by my friend Anthony Meyer, M.D., appeared about four o'clock. I hate condoling, and telling them so, we proceeded to discuss the merits of a prime steak with yellow selvage, for the selection and

dressing of which we were in justice bound to give the old crone every credit, and a glass of the native, to cool her after her broiling occupation. My friends remained with me; their indignation at the stupidity of Uncle Sam was equal to mine; but the reiteration of disagreeable subjects is always unpleasant. I shortened the observation with a request to my brother to caution the old gentleman against his attempting to make his appearance in my new domicile.

After several applications to Macan, he would not extend the protection to the record court; and if ever I was to leave, it was only through filing a petition in the insolvent court, presided over then by W. H. Curran and Farrell. This only required the lodging a copy of my bankruptcy schedule, on doing which I, as customary, gave bail, and was discharged from the city marshalsea. At the hearing the same gang of conspirators opposed from adjournment to adjournment, their object being to obtain some settlement through my uncle; but if a shilling would have arranged the matter I would not have allowed it. The same statements were made at both sides. The case was adjourned until after Macan's decision, when his judgment ruled the court, and Judge Farrell passed a remand of twelve months. On examining the heavy opposition, which was allowed, it appeared *that four out of five had proved in the bankrupt court, and had no locus standi in insolvency*. It was of no avail; Farrell cited Macan's decision, and I was hurried off again to the city marshalsea and the attentions of my maid Rachel. Here I remained a month. My friend Dr. Meyler, who was then applying hot air ventilation to the Green Street court-house, dined with me every day. One day, in the operation of his tradesmen's excavation,

the skull of a malefactor was found, which he brought in to me, and the idea of a practical joke occurring, I placed it in the grate, with a candle inserted inside, went down stairs to see the doctor out. Rachel went up to arrange the room, and hearing a loud shriek, I darted up, when I found her lying on the floor in a faint. I lifted her up, shook her, sprinkled her with water; when she revived I applied a glass of real beverage to her lips, which she emptied at a gulp, rubbed her eyes, said she saw the Devil, asked for a repetition of the curative dose, and she became all right, without the slightest addition to her beauty. The poor woman belied her appearance, for she was faithful and attentive, and I was gradually becoming reconciled to her when I left. To accomplish a desirable result I had a *habeas corpus* issued, and was removed to the Four Courts Marshalsea, Thomas Street. Here I obtained a large comfortable apartment in letter C. At that period Joe D. Mullen was governor, Patrick Heney deputy-governor. Letter A was a house with a bar on basement story. I stopped there for two days and nights until I had my room furnished, which, as I had a considerable time to spend in it, was done in a very comfortable manner, including a bookcase, with a select collection, a good-sized bagatelle table, my case of duelling pistols, and all necessaries for a bachelor's household. I engaged an exceedingly decent, kind, and attentive woman, Margaret Nolan, and, traveller-like, at once proceeded to put my tent in order. My first visitor, after setting matters to rights, was Captain John Hill Forster, who had been arrested, a young man twenty years before, in full cavalry regimentals, and settled himself apparently for life. He had an allowance of £6 a week out of his property from Symes, solicitor, in Leinster Street, and lived a gay and

jolly life. I dined with him, and met half a dozen of the *distingué* residents of the aristocratic upper yard, and had no reason to complain of my induction into the brotherhood. At that period there were few restrictions, except as to time of visiting and the bounds of the hatch; every thing in the shape of liquids was admitted without ceremony, and the governor or deputy governor often formed part of a convivial meeting. Between the novelty of the bagatelle table in a prison, the promenade in the square, and the attraction of the racket court, I was gradually introduced to most of the upper yard, and give from memory the following list: letter A, hotel for temporary visitors and bar; letter B, No. 1, Patrick Donnelly, a Galway man of noble frame and countenance. He was a sportsman, and lodged here from turf transactions; a man about forty-five years of age, splendidly proportioned, and medium height. Before my leaving he burst a blood vessel, and died, supported by another and myself, universally regretted; No. 2, Bat Sullivan, of Golden Bridge paper-mills, a sturdy, jolly, good-natured fellow, at suit of the revenue for smuggling and assaulting guagers. His wife, an amiable and lovely woman, lived with him, and his large and interesting family of sons and daughters dined with him every day. The sons carried on the establishment, and they lived in good style. The poor fellow's wife died before I left, and few in the prison who did not shed tears on learning the intelligence, and seeing the intense suffering of Sullivan at the occurrence; and the government refused to allow him to the funeral from her home in Richmond, where she died. No. 3, Michael Staunton, a Mulatto son to Captain Staunton, a West India merchant, who frequently brought cargoes of sugar to Dublin on his own account. Having died in the

county Limerick, he left a large fortune to Michael and his brother. The former never cried stop until nearly the whole was dissipated away. He was in for a large amount, and after my leaving he was discharged from some informality in the execution. He retired to the Isle of Man or Jersey, and has been dead some years. Like all persons of colour, he was fond of flashy exhibitions, had a good flow of spirits, intensely vain, played a little on the flute, and was rather a nice fellow. Dimsdale, a dapper little Englishman, for a very large amount, in connection with some slob property in the north of Ireland. He was a pragmatICAL, pushing little fellow, with an immensity of talk, and eternally boring every one whose button-hole he could grasp, with his unprecedented case, until every one became tired of him, and he had to console himself attempting to play rackets with his son—a forward chap—when the court was not engaged, until some new fish endured the infliction, and was also tired out. No. 4, W. H. Johnson, a young fellow from Monaghan, who had so embarrassed his property at the age of twenty-four that the mortgages were eating it up, and he lived on a small stipend from his mother. He died from dissipation about 1846. Harry Lidwell, son to O'Connell's friend and member, I think, for Tipperary, another young fellow under similar circumstances, and who afterwards met a similar fate. The other apartments in B were kept for birds of passage, none of whom I remember. No. 1, letter C, was occupied by Major Milne and his wife. Milne was a fine, soldierlike man of seventy, active and erect in his carriage, had been through the peninsular war, and retired on full pay. His wife was forty years his junior, and must have been a fine woman, of which she bore many traces; but prison dissipation, and

especially hard drinking, as a matter of course changed her appearance and position. The old major himself could drink down three of the stoutest men in the garrison, and go quietly to bed. He was prisoner for a few pounds, had, I believe, £300 a year pension, was always in debt before quarter-day, had been induced to leave the prison two or three times, but had himself arrested again, stating that he 'could not live out of barrack. Under some new regulations a few years after, he was obliged to leave or go to the pauper building, where he would be under great restrictions, and, taking lodgings somewhere in James's Street, he was found dead in his bed after a quarter-day's pay. The wife died some time after. John Hill Forster, late captain in a dragoon regiment, and twenty years a prisoner, also for a small amount, was past sixty years of age, of robust frame and constitution, lived in good style. From length of service, having originally two large apartments, he was still allowed to retain one as his kitchen. Forster, like men of his cloth of the day, had been a thorough scamp, which I believe includes all phases of dissipated life. His wife separated from him, and being deeply mortgaged to John Ennis for some twenty odd thousand pounds, through his attorney Symes he had the allowance named. His eldest son and heir was in the army, and, contrary to the father's wish, he docked the entail for a consideration from Ennis. Symes died suddenly, leaving Forster's affairs in a mess. He was obliged to leave the prison, as Milne was, lived out a few months on his ways and means, was again arrested, and died in the prison hospital. As I was No. 3, I need not go into further detail. No. 4 was occupied by Devereux, a farmer's son from Wexford, who had married an heiress, and was encamped under the

Chancellor's *fiat*. No. 5 was graced by S. B. Carpenter, a young attorney, who had made a rent in his grandfather's—(Doctor Bell's) bequest—and was undergoing the process of legal arrest. On the upper flat, occupying two rooms, was the notorious General Sterne, an adventurer who figured at the period of the South American war. He was recruiting agent for General Devereaux, made a great dash in the city, worked himself into good society, and ended in carrying off the wife of a gentleman in whose family he was received in the most hospitable manner. He deserted his victim in Wales, returned to Dublin, was sued for *crim. con.*, in which Charles Philips distinguished himself, obtaining £10,000 damages against Sterne, who was a pauper, and remained in, and died in the prison a few years since, being an imprisonment of upwards of forty years. Some disinterested person allowed him ten shillings per week whilst he lived. He was never visible while I was an inmate of the establishment. The first room to the right, in the letter D, was old Harrington's, a man in his dotage, about ninety years of age. He had been possessed of large estates in the county of Wicklow, but involved them by his passion for paintings and articles of *vertu*. After spending everything he could raise, he was arrested, and left in prison by his friends as a place of safety, and an allowance given for his support; two rooms over Harrington were occupied by — Williams, an attorney, a wit, a sensualist, and a queer fellow altogether. He remained an occupier for years, and is long since dead. The two rooms to the left of the door facing Harrington's were occupied by my old customer, Joshua Jacob, the White Quaker, and his harem. He was arrested for interfering with the funds of Jacobs, minors, and had elevated their aunt Abigail Beale to

be his high-priestess and companion, having divorced or expelled his wife. The vagaries of this singular individual were extraordinary. He remained many years in the marshalsea, carrying on his mummeries and changing his partners. I cannot tell how he got out; but on leaving he took Home's hotel on Usher's Quay—now Ganly and Son's—and fitted up a regular Mormon establishment—made his children adopt the habits of the elect, and changed from there to Sabine Fields, now St. Paul's Retreat, Harold's Cross. He then married a Roman Catholic servant, with whom he changed his profession and dress, and opened a general country shop at Leixlip. When acting as proprietor, prophet, and director-general at the Sabine Fields, a clever London swellmobman, hearing of Joshua's great wealth, managed to become one of the elect, an active, useful voteen and favourite. Having watched closely, he descried Joshua opening an apparent infantine grave under an elm tree, where he was supplying himself with the motive and active power in sovereigns. That night the Englishman disappeared. He was seen about two o'clock in the early morn, with a sack on his back, passing through Harold's Cross Green, and never reported himself at the establishment again. It is said that on this occasion he carried off ten thousand sovereigns. I met Joshua lately, looking well for his age, sixty-eight, like

“AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION”.

I have thus endeavoured to introduce to my readers the *coterie* of residents in the extensive establishment called “Mullen's Hotel”, in which I had to reside for ten and a-half months. My uncle sent a sufficient allowance to my family and also to me. Having passed the ceremonies, I at once made myself at home in the community,

purchased rackets from M'Cann, had in a groce of balls, learned, became an adept, joined in most matches, and continued playing about four hours a-day. Bat Sullivan was a constant player, not very elegant in his style, but his broad good-humoured grimaces covered a number of foibles. He was a hard hitter, and few would take the ball after him as it came rolling over the line, whilst he was equally "cunning" in his toss. Forster was too old and dignified to play, so looked on, took pedestrian's exercise about the court-yards, and reserved himself for bagatelle after dinner, in which I, with several others, joined. Bat Sullivan and Dimsdale turned to backgammon. Staunton played the guitar and grimaced at an effort in singing to some lady prisoners. Harry Lidwell, Johnston, Devereux, and the old major, ensconced themselves in the tap. Sullivan would occasionally give a dinner or an evening party, presided over by his amiable wife, his daughter and some lady friends gracing the occasion. Forster gave select gentlemen's dinner parties, never exceeding six, about once a week, which were quiet and *recherché*. After dinner, *desert*, prime old port, sherry, whiskey, and cigars, breaking up sharp at eleven o'clock. As I had no professed *artiste*, like my two friends, and moreover, could not endure the annoyance of getting up a *diner-improvisé*, an occasional supper of oysters, lobsters, devilled kidneys, or bread, butter, cheese, XX, and whiskey. As there was no ceremony on those occasions, and the viands and lush lay on a large side-table, every one of the *elite* were welcome, and all were jolly. One set at bagatelle, another at backgammon, another at chess. Staunton, Johnston, and Lidwell, the Figaros of the evening, Milne the Silenus. We had frequent matches in the racket court with out-

siders, and on these occasions the gallery was crowded. We had bowling in the upper back yard when the racket court was engaged, and a cold, warm, and shower bath when required. My family dined with me every Sunday, and my boy Walter sometimes remained two or three days with me, when he had Sullivan's youngest son Jemmie, about his own age, to play with. Joshua Jacob and his white-coated confraternity generally turned out in a line about twelve o'clock, and placing themselves near the hatch with their faces to the clock, they would open the book of Psalms and bleat away for an hour "by the dial". Although I had known him for years, we met occasionally without recognition. He had been trading in a small grocer's shop in Nicholas Street, near the old church, and there was nothing more amusing than to see himself and his apprentice Tom acting the dummies behind the counter. Joshua made the discovery that chopped or broken tea produced much stronger liquor than after the old fashion (in fact he was the forerunner of the tea mills now in universal use), and used that primitive instrument, the saw, for cutting into the leaves in the chest, or breaking them with iron scoops in smaller quantities. The result was that all the old women from a variety of directions flocked to Joshua until he changed his avocations and his cloth. His system was one of silence, enforced on Tom and the poor half-witted porter. When a customer called for anything, before delivery Joshua or Tom would put out the hand for the cash before them, and their two close cropped heads, projecting ears, high cheek bones, sallow faces, and long white aprons, gave them something the appearance of China mandarins in a delph shop. It is not improbable some of their customers imagined they belonged to the

genus. Jacob realised a considerable amount by his jack-acting, whilst his apprentice Tom, after leaving the service, emerged into all the mysteries in the town, and became a lively blade, as if in revenge for his previous mutation.

Sometimes the whole garrison would be roused at midnight by Bacchanals leaving the tap shouting, and frequently when the watch and the officials would be on the alert for punishment in the cells. On those occasions sober fellows like myself, roused out of bed, would seize on the delinquents and carry them off, before being otherwise gripped, to their own or the nearest room in the block to which they belonged. Frequently at night when parties in each block could be together in each other's rooms all night, the scenes were awful, and on several occasions, roused from bed, I have assisted to separate and disarm parties who held knives, pokers, shovels, bottles, everything within reach in a general *melée*. These operations were the means of curtailing the privileges of the prisoners, and ended in the exclusion of spirituous liquors altogether.

RACKETS.—A SCENE.—THE GOVERNOR.

One afternoon I had just finished a match of five rubbers at rackets, and was at the winning side when Staunton came blustering into the court, and made some observations about our occupying it in playing two rubbers when other prisoners were waiting to play. As this was a piece of impertinence I did not understand, I coolly said we had played but one. He again repeated that we had played two, when I at once replied "he lied". I then walked outside the court to dress. It was a heavy match we had played, and the gallery was crowded with

prisoners and strangers, who rushed into the court the moment it was over, and were attracted by the altercation. I had just put on my coat and hat, when Staunton, who had been chafing for the short interval, foaming at the mouth, rushed out of the small passage to where I stood arranging my necktie, and throwing himself on me, attempted to give me a "bear's hug". This I threw off, and said to the prison warder present, "Remove this man, he knows his remedy". Walking away, I shouted out I would wait fifteen minutes in the upper yard, and if I did not hear from him in that time I would post him. Now this was an ugly position in a garrison full of "fire-eaters". Passing through the archway I met good-natured Bartholomew Sullivan, who had heard of the *melée* and was rushing down to see the fun; he was a very intimate friend of Staunton's, and I hastily referred him to my friend John Hill Forster, the dragoon captain, and stated I would promenade under the governor's windows for fifteen minutes. I met Forster on his usual parade in the upper yard, gave him the key of my room to look after "the hair triggers", and we agreed if anything occurred it should be across the bagatelle table. Staunton and Sullivan rushed hastily to the room of the former in letter B. My walk was at the opposite side of the square, where I was just after being joined by Forster, when within two or three minutes of the time Sullivan called him over from Staunton's window. He returned with Sullivan, the affair was settled. Staunton agreed to withdraw his intemperate observations and apologize for the "hug", if I withdrew the "lie". I put the bagatelle chalk, which I had in my hand ready for the posting, into my pocket, and although the first advance was not with me, I went right away to Staunton's room with our

mutual friends, and another minute made all serene. Bat had that morning been sent a splendid turbot, and insisted on belligerents and friends, amounting in all to about a dozen, to dine with him, when, of course, we spent a jolly evening. Williams played splendidly on the violin, Staunton's room opposite was thrown open for a dance, the Misses Sullivan, their mamma, and some other ladies—on Bat's special message for the occasion—came after dinner, and we did not break up till daylight. One of the guests was Joseph Mullen, the governor. Joe had been a political draper in Francis Street, was rather *outré* in his appearance, exceeding lanky, greatly knock-kneed, and had a heavy crop of carabuncles on his face; but there was no kinder man in existence. He spent his time endeavouring to assuage the troubles of every prisoner, especially in the lower yard and the pauper building. If any arrangement could be made, he was the mediator; if any softening observation could be made to the insolvent judges, he was the party to put it in the proper quarter. Every indulgence which could be given to the prisoners he felt a pride in granting. Shortly after the occurrence just related, Mrs. Sullivan, an amiable and lovely woman, died in her prime at Golden Bridge House. Mullen used every exertion to induce the lord lieutenant to grant Sullivan permission to attend her funeral, and burst into tears when informing him his application was in vain. In a rough husk there was encased a noble and a benevolent soul, which spread its influence around, and rough and rowdy fellows coming in prisoners, were completely subdued by his advice and example. All honour to the memory of

JOSEPH DENIS MULLEN.

In this way my time passed over, forgetting the days as they passed, and hopefully looking to the future. I think it was in May, 1843, I left the Marshalsea, and at once proceeded to put my house in order. I had given my friend M'Eniry a fine for the house 8 Newington Terrace, and he proposed setting it off against the rent due, on my cancelling the lease and giving possession. I took a neat cottage in Pleasant Street for twelve months, my mother-in-law, who lived with me, paying the amount. By an arrangement with the mortgagee and Uncle Will, I obtained possession of No. 8 Temple Lane, with the steam engine and steam coffee cylinder which I had erected just before the break up; and Foxall and Barrington obtained possession of 20 Eustace Street (late 25), 9 Temple Lane, the offices and other fittings, including the new iron safe, for which I paid Moffatt £35 after the fire. I again obtained possession of No. 7 Cecilia Street, part of the original purchase in 1840, my friend Joseph M'Keever occupying the Crow Street front—now St. Brigid's infant schools—took my brother Robert into partnership, received £200 from my mother-in-law Susan Harrison, and £300 from my brother S. F. Meyler. I carried on here until 1847, and my brother left during the first year for the Hibernian Bank.

Uncle Will having finished off the last of his bills and stock, I started him in partnership with a fellow named Jones, a druggist, in Britain Street, by whom I formerly lost money, but, believing it arose from the state of the times, I thought no more about it. It was astonishing to see the alacrity with which the old man entered into the business of Jones, Fewtrell, and Co., of which he previously knew nothing; but in the course of two years he

lost considerably through the conduct of Jones, who shortly afterwards disappeared, and Uncle Will taking a house in Mary's Abbey, carried on the business for several years, assisted by his young son, and gave it up to embark in another pursuit as an accountant. My fresh losses crippled me greatly. I removed from Pleasant Street to No. 8 Wentworth Place in May, 1844, and from the latter in May, 1847, to No. 2 Dalymount Terrace, Phibsborough. I disposed of my interest in Cecilia Street to Joseph M'Keever, that of No. 8 Temple Lane to Foxall and Barrington, and entered into an arrangement with them as partner and manager, in May, 1847. On the 1st June, 1848, I removed to Bayview House, North Strand, of which more hereafter. On the 14th June, 1843, almost immediately after leaving the Marshalsea, I published a letter in most of the Dublin papers, to which no party ventured a reply. In August following, I was presented with an address from some leading wholesale and retail grocers of the city, as follows.—The original is in my possession:

“ DUBLIN, AUGUST 4, 1843.

W. T. MEYLER, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

“ We, the undersigned traders of this city, beg to express our regret at the circumstances which led to the closing of the very extensive establishment of which you were proprietor, referring with pleasure to the strictly mercantile principles on which that establishment was conducted, and the great satisfaction we have felt in the numerous transactions we have had with you.

“ We also wish to express our sense of your straightforward and honourable conduct, as a merchant, in your dealings with us, and the intimate knowledge you possessed of the numerous branches of commerce in which you were engaged.

“In conclusion, we beg to assure you that, should you resume your commercial pursuits, we shall feel most happy in renewing our connexion with you.

“We remain, dear sir,
yours most truly,

F. Falkner and Co., Grafton Street
Richard Johnston, Grafton Street
Thomas C. Armstrong, Molesworth Street
William Fitzpatrick, Dame Street
John Mangan, Upper Ormond Quay
William Pattison, 37 Capel Street
Thomas M'Eniry, 10 Upper Sackville Street
William Russell, 5 Lower Sackville Street
John Cannon, Leinster Street
Timothy Green, 162 Capel Street
A. Rogers
Baker and Co.
P. M'Evoy, Redmond's Hill
Myles Tobin, Capel Street
Bernard Kiernan
John Langan, King Street
John M'Kenna, Britain Street
Milo Cudmore, Upper Sackville St.
Richard Jones, 60 Grafton Street
B. Faulkner, Grafton Street
Patrick Gavan, Thomas Street
James Reilly, Thomas Street
William Connick, Inns Quay
Michael Daly, 12 Nassau Street
Walter Furlong, Richmond Street
Joseph Pasley, 19 North Frederick Street
Peter Fowler, 158 Francis Street
Malone Brothers
John Nolan, 13 Dawson Street
Patrick Grennan

Mathew M'Grath
W. R. Kennedy, Grafton Street
Adam Calvert
Robert Smyth and Sons
William Malone, Great Britain St.
Francis Gardner, North King Street
Pat. Egan, North King Street
John Keogh, Thomas Street
William Calvert, James's Street
Lewis Moore, James's Street
Kinsley and Tagart, Stephen Street
Lewis Moore, Merrion Row
John Barlow, 14 Townsend Street
John and R. Tagart, 37 Townsend Street
C. and J. Smyth, 35 Upper Sackville Street
William Ginn, 60 Dorset Street
Edward Holdright
Robert Blake and Co.
Thomas Hunt, Temple Bar
Richard Beere, 2 Aungier Street
Brett and Co., Capel Street
Michael Murphy, 63 Bolton Street
Thomas Carroll, 43 and 44 Bolton Street
Joseph M'Cann, 97 Upper Dorset Street
Patrick O'Loughlin, 162 Lower Gloucester Street
Philip Brady, 80 Talbot Street
Arthur Barlow, 112 Townsend St.
Denis Doyle, 6 Sir John's Quay
A. Rainsford, Great Ship Street

In May, 1867, when I joined Joseph Foxall and Richard W. Barrington—Foxall and Barrington—they had been doing a most extensive trade in my old concerns in Eustace Street and Temple Lane; but at that period, from the effects of the potato disease, terrific famine, and

decimation of the people, their stocks were very heavy, and it was a most difficult matter to dispose of them for tangible bills or cash. From my acquaintance with the traders, I discovered parties who required goods we held, but were afraid to undertake the responsibility of purchasing. In a great many cases, I discovered that they had heavy stocks of goods which we could readily dispose of, and at once established a barter trade to a very large extent, thus relieving parties on both sides of a dead weight, and supplying them with what they required.

Foxall and Barrington knew nothing whatever of the wholesale tea trade, and I at once set vigorously to work, purchased several large chops to commence with from leading London houses. As in every case I made the selections and took the entire of each chop, few other sellers could compete with us, and we had them at the lowest market price, from the quantity purchased; we became a leading firm in the trade, and had periodical sales in the Commercial Buildings, our brokers being James Stokes and Co.

POLITICAL.—PROGRAMME.

I had been a quiet member of O'Connell's association, and of the '82 Club, but took no active part in politics until the excitement which culminated in 1848, consequent on the intense horror and indignation of the nation at large on the result of the famine and the criminal laxity and indifference of the government in taking prompt and effective measures to save the people. I became an enthusiastic and energetic member of the Confederation in the spring of 1848, when I believed the members were in earnest, and were tired of talking patriots—joined two or three clubs, assisted to organize

two or three others, and in conjunction with several other enthusiasts, started

“THE IRISH TRIBUNE”

immediately after the arrest of JOHN MITCHELL, and cessation of the *United Irishman*. Of the publication of this journal at the period, an article in the *Irishman* of 26th December, 1868, giving a sketch of the career of JOHN SAVAGE, my old friend and literary partner in the *Irish Tribune*, with respect to the establishment of the journal, states: “This project grew in importance from the events of the day, and Williams, Kevin O’Doherty, Dr. Antisell, W. T. Meyler, and one or two others whose names have not transpired, were induced to join it. The result was the *Irish Tribune*. Of the importance of this project, its service to the popular cause, and the danger surrounding the men who sustained it,

JOHN MITCHELL

gives the following idea in his *Last Conquest of Ireland*, when writing of the action of the Confederates after his banishment: “Yet, with all the odds against them, with the Irish gentry thoroughly corrupted or frightened out of their senses, and with the government enemy obviously bent on treating our national aspirations as an ignominious crime, worthy to be ranked only with the offences of burglars or pickpockets—still there were men resolved to dare the worst and uttermost for but one chance of rousing that down-trodden people to one manful effort of resistance against so base and cruel a tyranny. The Irish Confederation re-constituted its council, and set itself more diligently than ever to the task of inducing the people to procure arms, with a view to a final struggle in the harvest. As it was clear that there was nothing the enemy dreaded so much as a bold and honest newspaper,

which would expose their plots of slaughter, and turn their liberal professions inside out, it was, before all things, necessary to establish a newspaper to take the place of the *United Irishman*.

“It was a breach as deadly and imminent as ever yawned in a beleaguered wall ; but men were found prompt to stand in it. Within two weeks after my trial the *Irish Tribune* was issued. Williams and O'Doherty became the registered proprietors on the part of the owners, and as such were arrested when the *Tribune* was seized, and prosecuted for the treasonableness of its articles’.

The following sketches of 1848 were written during my imprisonment in Newgate, Belfast, and Kilmainham, and are published as a portion of the true history of the period. The political prisoners of 1848, with rare exceptions, ceased altogether to interfere in revolutionary projects, not from any sudden attachment to the ministers of the crown, but from the solemn conviction that any such attempt would be futile so long as the nation was divided into several distinct sections of politicians diametrically opposed to each other, the flames of such antagonism being fanned for centuries to the present hour by its rulers.

With respect to the Confederate movement, it is well known that, with one exception, that of the meeting of club presidents in D'Olier Street, the whole organization was above board, and that police officers were present and treated with courtesy at every club meeting ; so the game of the informer was a fruitless occupation ; and as the government were aware of all the movements through the police, and with the perfect assent of the clubs, there was no necessity to seek for information except in the one case of the secret meeting in D'Olier Street, when, after the arrests and approaching the state trials, a

wretched man named Dobbyn, employed by an individual styled Colonel Phayre, appeared, and gave a detailed account of the proceedings; still this wretch's evidence would have been of no avail were it not that on the arrest of James Fenton Lawlor in the Queen's County, on his person were found the balloting papers for the directory, which had been torn up in the room, and with the fatuity very common in cases of the kind, preserved as a relic, without passing a thought of the eventuality to their friends should they fall into hostile hands. In this case, and only in this, was Dobbyn's evidence corroborated. The papers were pasted together by government officials in Kemmis's (the crown prosecutor's) office, in Kildare Street, and the result was the conviction of the Clonmel prisoners. The government policy was to sow suspicion amongst the organization; and I have known many highly respectable men rumoured to be in the pay of the Castle; but such was simply ridiculous. Except in the one single case mentioned, no information was required, and the parties rumoured as informers were not at that meeting.

I cannot pass over the noble conduct of two paid officials of the Confederation whom government persecution, or the distress of their families, could not induce to depart from the principles of honour.

THOMAS MATTHEW HALPIN,

the paid secretary, was early arrested, and his wife and family persecuted to influence him. At Belfast he was suddenly and secretly removed from amongst us, and immured for months in Naas gaol, no one knowing what had become of him, and was ultimately one of the five remaining prisoners liberated on the 3rd of March, 1849,

when, by the assistance of friends, he and his family were sent to America. Halpin was secretary to the D'Olier Street meeting. MATTHEW BRADY, his assistant, was tiler on the occasion, and knew everything in connection with it. Suddenly thrown out of employment, he and his family struggled with poverty for nearly two years, when I employed him in 1850, as book-keeper, in my biscuit factory, No. 10 Fownes' Street, where he remained until it was closed. With unsullied honour Halpin—if alive—and Matthew Brady, who is in good condition, enjoy the satisfaction of conscientious integrity. There were two other individuals whose names I here hand as a legacy to the "New Zealander".

JAMES WHITTY, an uncertified bankrupt tailor, of Dame Street, and RICHARD ROTHWELL, a struggling law clerk, managed to have their names placed on the grand jury list. JAMES WHITTY was foreman of John Mitchell's jury, and was appointed a stipendiary magistrate in Australia, where he still operates. RICHARD ROTHWELL, another juror, was appointed to a lucrative situation in the Incumbered Estates Court, which he held until his death.

I cannot conclude this programme without asserting that, during the whole excitement of the period, with one or two exceptions, and those were parties more thoughtless than earnest, I never heard a derogatory observation applied to the Queen. The organization was against the policy of the ministry, and having no reference to her personally; for no true Irishman ever forgets—

"Sir knight, I feel not the least alarm;
No sons of Erin will offer me harm".

I again repeat that I publish those sketches as a history of the past and a lesson for the future.

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

JOHN MITCHELL.

Who is there, having been in Dublin on the 17th of March, 1848, and beheld its appearance in the neighbourhood of the Castle, can ever forget it? An unusually bleak, sleeting day rendered the streets almost deserted; many of the shops were closed; the Viceroy, Clarendon, had *fled* to the Viceregal Lodge; the Castle gates were trebly guarded, stockades fortifying the inside, and cannon bristling in various directions; whilst the interior, including the viceregal apartments, was converted into a barrack, and his trembling Excellency remained in close cover in his suburban residence, strongly guarded by troops and constabulary; bodies of military, from twenty to thirty, muffled in their great coats, with shouldered arms, loaded and capped, continually promenaded the different quarters of the city; the stray citizens, on meeting them, turned with surprise to view those patrols, which gave the city the appearance of being in an enemy's possession, and suffering all the horrors of martial law. Children and females peered from the citizens' windows with curiosity mingled with alarm, whilst a few mercantile men assembled at the door or windows of the Chamber of Commerce, in different groups, appeared to be discussing the extraordinary appearance thus presented—amongst the elderly portion of whom might be observed some bank and insurance directors, appearing to regard the scene with satisfaction; whilst prominently at the door stood some of the younger merchants, who kept up an animated discourse, exhibiting warm gesticulations, and who appeared to enjoy the presentation of each

group of the all but frozen soldiery with derisive laughter, pointing them out with their riding whips and canes to the different visitors whom the rawness of the day hurried to enjoy the luxurious fires in the reading-room, with the latest gossip about the Confederates, the last packet from England, and the all-absorbing topic of the French Revolution, and the prices of consols, which were rapidly tumbling. These, according to their sympathies, hesitated, turning round, or remained to join in the ridicule which was evidently levelled at the authorities, who had thus startled the isle from its propriety. Those individuals, known as "Castle hacks", were received with equivocal observations as to the conduct of their patrons, and moved generally at a rapid tangent from the group, who too evidently showed their distaste for both government and protégés.

Not more than fifty yards from this scene, in a small back drawing-room about twelve feet square, plainly furnished with an elevated desk and two or three chairs, and with lips compressed, resolution flashing from his peculiarly expressive blue eyes, his dark brown, gracefully curled hair thrown back from his noble forehead, about five feet ten inches in height, and standing erect as if in the presence of his country's oppressors, stood John Mitchell, writing with an unfaltering hand his leader for the following publication of the *United Irishman*—that leader, watched by the English Viceroy with tremulation, the anticipation of which haunted his midnight slumbers and palled his cheeks, which had to this period brazened through a long career of dissimulating diplomacy. The noble truths which emanated from that gifted writer struck with dismay the entire English garrison party. From the viceroy, generals, judges, government officials

of all sorts and positions, police magistrates, and Castle-lawyers, to detectives; each trembled in turn at the fatal revolution, which plain, unvarnished truth—and advice manfully and boldly given to maintain its doctrines with a strong arm—might have on their national spoliations, and in fear and trembling awaited the issue between the noble doctrines of nationality propounded by John Mitchell, on the one hand, and the power, imbecility, and baffled tyranny of government on the other.

For some months the Irish Confederation had been making immense strides in popular opinion, and the members, who amounted only to a few hundred in 1847, through the club organization had increased by thousands, whilst the Old Ireland party had become completely extinct. To this organization the French Revolution gave a tremendous impetus, and persons who never before exhibited any political bias, became ardent and zealous organizers of the club system; whilst thousands of young men, consisting of Trinity students, medical students, literary teachers, civil engineers, merchants, and tradesmen's apprentices, and assistants—almost all of whom dared not enrol themselves in such societies without sacrificing their social position, but most of whom sent instructions through their friends that they might be fully calculated on *when their services would be required*.

The Confederation continued its meetings, and the eloquence and earnestness of the gifted orators who formed that brilliant phalanx of a nation's truest sons, won continued converts. The English officials were alarmed and paralyzed. O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchell were arrested for sedition; and, having immediately given bail, were released from the fangs of the police, amid shouts of applause and loud protestations of popular support.

Almost immediately after, a meeting of citizens was held at the North Wall, to address the French on the success of their revolution; and O'Brien, Meagher, and O'Gorman, having been appointed deputies, proceeded at once to Paris to present the address. "Vive la République" was frequently heard in the streets. Republican doctrines were openly professed, and advice to arm was strongly impressed on the Confederates as a right, under the shadow of the English Constitution, of which we were possessed.

At this period, the first government plot against the liberties of the people was discovered; and the infamous *manufacture* of crime by the authorities, through the instrumentality of Colonel Browne and the detective force, was fortunately brought to light, and publicly exposed, to the disgust of their warmest supporters at both sides of the Channel. The right to manufacture and possess that truly formidable weapon, the "pike", was fully proved to the surprise of the country, and the foul plot recoiled on the heads of the concoctors. The right thus admitted and established was immediately taken advantage of. In every direction the forges were kept working night and day. Throughout the island the ambition of citizens, farmers, and peasants, was to possess this "queen of weapons". surmounting a "ten foot ash pole"; and the fashion of the implement, and strong appeals to possess it, issued constantly from John Mitchell's pen through the weekly circulation of the *United Irishman*.

To increase the gloom of the city, troops now occupied Old Trinity, the Custom House, the Bank, a riding school in Brunswick Street, and the Imperial Hotel. At the same period, the Royal Dublin Society held its usual

meeting, at which not the slightest allusion was made to the intended movement, when, to the astonishment of the members, on the following day it also was in possession of government troops; its schools of art were converted into barrack rooms, and the disciples and professors dismissed to idleness; its board-room was converted into officers' sleeping apartments, and its conversation into their dining-room. The different professors were prohibited from delivering their routine of lectures, and the members met posted upon the doors of the different apartments they habitually frequented, cards labelled "officers' private apartments".

Onward moved the dashing defiant articles of Mitchell, now denouncing the justiciary, Sergeant Howley, in condemning a poor blacksmith for the manufacture of a pronged fork, which he demonstrated to his own satisfaction to be a pike head, and sentenced the poor blacksmith to two years' imprisonment—now demolishing my Lord Miltown, who had just become a £5 member of the all but extinct establishment at Burgh Quay—then his inimitable address to Clarendon, signed "Your mortal enemy, John Mitchell".

The French deputation returned, and held a soirée at the Music Hall—gave an account of their mission. O'Brien, on his way home, had delivered his celebrated speech in the House of Commons. This increased the enthusiasm of his reception, and the glorious eloquence of Meagher, in presenting the tri-colour flag, a gift from the Parisians, with the able and caustic address of Mitchell, caused the utmost enthusiasm.

From thence, organization was ordained to take the place of eloquence.

During the Spring and Summer of Forty-eight, the

vortex of politics attracted and engulphed my whole soul and sympathies, without interfering in any manner with my commercial pursuits; and, in common with nine-tenths of my fellow countrymen, I viewed the Parisian revolution with intense delight, as a precursor of what I hoped to find the destruction of all monarchical institutions, and particularly those which dwelt like a cancer on Erin. I fondly imagined the hour of our liberation was arrived, and fervently assisted in the organization of some of the numerous political clubs formed for the express attainment of our object. About the middle of March I met John Savage and John De Courcy Young, a young medical student, who, in enthusiasm for their country, retained some for friendship, and having been joined by several others, we adjourned to the MOIRA in Trinity Street, formerly the O. P., belonging to, and presided over by Mrs. Crosbie, then a dashing widow in her prime. Dinner having been accomplished, the usual routine followed, and a lively conversation respecting the all-engrossing topic of the Confederate proceedings, the rapidly-gaining converts in its club organization. The dashing articles of John Mitchell in the *United Irishman*, and the apparent consternation amongst the castle authorities, as a matter of course emboldened every waverer who saw the nation gradually arraying itself against the clique of bad and absentee landlords, and the officers forming the English garrison of oppression, who had been like locusts destroying one of the fairest portions of God's earth. Savage proposed that we should adjourn to D'Olier Street, to assist in organizing a society to be styled the *Polytechnic Institute*, its object being to create a literary and scientific society in which young men of intellect might associate together, without trammelling them in politics, a principal

motive being to embrace students of Old Trinity, against whom an anathema of expulsion was hurled if they joined any of the clubs. Shortly after entering the room, the chair was taken by Dr. Antisell. Savage acted as secretary, and the proceedings were opened by Antisell, who stated the object of the institution, to which students of the different professions, artists, and members of literary and scientific societies, would be admissible. About fifty young men were present, amongst whom earnestness and resolution were fully portrayed. Addresses were delivered by RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, De Courcy Young, and many others, who have since figured as state prisoners. A committee of twenty-one was formed, including the above-names and mine. A suite of apartments was taken in Westmoreland Street; a library was formed by purchase and contribution; the institute held weekly meetings for about two months; lectures were delivered by Antisell, John Savage, "Lancet", and others; a series of pamphlets were issued—one by Savage and Young, called, I think, "STUDENTS' ADDRESSES", another by me on republican institutions. Rifle galleries were established on Wellington Quay, Ormond Quay, and in various other portions of the city, and two hundred members were enrolled, when, in the latter end of May, the political excitement became so feverish, the members being solely occupied in the political clubs, and our brother clubman and landlord, HUGHES, having proceeded to Wexford with a wagon-load of firearms, was arrested there, his premises seized on and closed, and the society died a natural death.

From this institute emanated the *Irish Tribune* newspaper, established by eight men, who hardly knew each other until meeting as members of the society; and sin-

gular to relate, that each stranger meeting thus, and assisting in forming the institution, and afterwards closely connected as journalists, should meet simultaneously as ultra republicans. The idea of a republican journal was first started about April, was mentioned in committee of the Polytechnic, and such members as wished to take part in the undertaking were invited to an evening meeting at Antisell's house, South Richmond Street. Ten availed themselves of the invitation, of whom eight ultimately became united together: they were—as in the order of deed of partnership—Richard D'Alton Williams, —, “Lancet”, Walter Thomas Meyler, John Savage, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, John De Courcy Young, Thomas Antisell. The paper started by Savage and Young had been summarily “squelched” by the police, and the new journal was intended to be hedged in by *such protection* as the “Treason Felony Act” was supposed to permit. Accordingly, when John Mitchell was arrested, we were just in the position to take his place at once, prepared to commence, named the journal. Williams and O'Doherty became registered proprietors; Antisell and I, being the only householders, became security in the usual manner.

The prospectus of the *Tribune* was issued early in May, the paper announced for the 1st of June. At a meeting held it was resolved to bring it out same size as the *United Irishman*, and the old *Evening Post* office, No. 11 Trinity Street, being vacant, was taken for the purpose. Here the eight proprietors and editors met four times each week, elected a chairman, produced their copy, which was carefully read and discussed, rejected or received, with the spirit and temper of men anxious only to serve the cause in which they were all deeply inter-

ested—the total overthrow of British rule, and the establishment of a moderate republic based on universal suffrage, liberty, equality, fraternity; total separation from England, the confiscation of all lands held by absentee proprietors, an equitable adjustment with the resident proprietors, the expulsion of all parties forming the English garrison, and settlement of peasant proprietorship in small allotments held from the state direct, were the primary objects intended to be advocated by this journal, whilst in perspective were the levying duties on the luxuries and reducing them on the necessities of life, protection of the national manufactures sufficient for an infant state, the abolition of poor laws, the reclamation of waste lands and their allotment, the abolition of all state religion, the clergy to be elected and paid by their flocks, collieries and mines to be worked, a sufficient protection duty on foreign coals to encourage home production. These and innumerable other topics formed the basis for the earnest writers of the *Tribune*, but their career was terminated after the issue of the fifth number. On the 15th July, Richard D'Alton Williams and Kevin Izod O'Doherty, the two registered proprietors, were arrested, and in the evening Savage, Young, and I called at Newgate, and were refused admission to see the prisoners. Young, Savage, and myself, appointed to meet that evening at A.'s house. Young and I then proceeded to the office in Trinity Street to reconnoitre. We had not been there more than ten minutes when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and on looking from the window we perceived Prender, a noted detective, with three followers, waiting for admission. Here was a pause and a position. We felt assured our turn had now arrived. The people of the house suggested a retreat by the rere

door into a back lane, and the idea was entertained for an instant, but abandoned. Locking the editors' room upstairs, and the small office below, we opened the door, and the party rushed in. A parley was held; Prender declared they intended no arrests, and stated they would not seize any copies of the paper, of which there were about five thousand—that their sole object was to obtain manuscripts. As we had destroyed all those, sufficient to hang a score or more, we opened the doors, and assisted them in their search, regretting they had so much trouble to so little purpose, politely pointing out the embers of the documents lying in the grate, observing we had ten minutes' start, rather considerably to their chagrin. After some repartees, at which Young exhibited considerable skill, they departed completely crest-fallen, and entirely to our satisfaction. Not a moment was now to be lost, and, packing up the books which we withdrew from their hiding-place, deposited them in a place of a safety. In the evening we met at A.'s to discuss the propriety of continuing the paper, without any result, and adjourned to an evening in the ensuing week. Monday came, and the office was kept open for sale. We determined on the distribution of the stock in hands. The police attacked the newsvendors, and seized their copies; the detectives surrounded our office and that of the *Felon*, and during the week a passive warfare was waged with the police, who, it appeared, now represented the majesty of the law; still the copies were distributed, and still the police held on their promenading and occasional interference with the vendors. A police notice was exhibited threatening the hawkers of felonious papers. One of them we obtained possession of, and pasted it on a large placard outside the office. John

Savage ingeniously drew a pike-head running through it, and a sketch of Colonel Brown in a rage. To every soldier passing, of whom hundreds made this their route, we presented a copy of the paper gratis. The threats of the detectives, the jeering of the vendors, especially the women, the more active darting down the street shouting out the fifth number of the *Irish Tribune* and the *Irish Felon*—the chasing by the police, and the vendors escaping in the crowd, made Trinity Street a lively mart of sedition—threatening, laughing, shouting, and swearing for the remainder of the week. On Wednesday and Thursday we had an account that the Suspension Act was to be introduced on Saturday, and immediately arrests were spoken of, and it was reported that the city would be placed under martial law. On Friday morning, about eight o'clock, the *Freeman's Journal* was brought to my bedroom, and the first paragraph which caught my eye was the expected arrest of myself, Young, Savage, Brennan, and several others. I made no observations, quietly dressed myself, hastened out to the lawn to consider the position in which I was placed, read through the paper, which I carefully placed in my pocket, and turned into breakfast, without any appearance of discomposure. When dressing, a covered-car pulled up at the gate, and Young, with an appearance of anxiety, hastily required to see me. This created some alarm in the house, which I dispelled in the best manner I could, and going to the gate, whispered Young to be cautious. Bringing him into the drawing-room, I closed the door, when he gave me the information I had two hours before. He then suggested the prudence of our leaving town, which I refused to do, when we agreed to meet in Trinity Street at twelve o'clock. On reaching there I found the

police force considerably increased, the crowd still great and excited, the police still interfering. At two o'clock a council of war was held, to try the right of the police to prevent the sale of the two papers. Meany issued from the *Tribune* and Brennan from the *Felon*, with a supply of papers, and commenced crying them out for sale, much to the delight of the vendors, whose occupation they monopolized to protect their rights. The usual scene occurred; the police prohibited them from selling; their authority was demanded and refused, and after a resistance the papers were torn from them. During those scenes I must say the police acted with great temper, and seemed pained at the position in which they were placed. Indeed I believe nine-tenths of them would have joined the movement. Brennan and Meany were arrested, and had an exciting trial at College Street police-office, were bailed out by me and another householder whose name I forget. The police scene was fully reported in the papers of the day. All idea of continuing the paper was now given up, and we removed two thousand copies to my house. Young and Savage were the only parties I continued to meet at the "Moirs Tavern", which had been rendered classic by our *Tribune* quiet dinners, in which we indulged two or three times a week during the existence of the paper, and here we again met as mourners over its fate. The arrests and flights became painful to men in our position. On the 27th Patrick O'Higgins the Chartist, on the 28th O'Rourke's Blanchardstown party, and on the 29th John Rea and T. M. Halpin. The news from the south was mystified—nothing for a week from Slievenamon by the telegraph, but all tranquil along the line; troops of military proceeding to Tipperary, and thousands of disorganized club-

men swearing and muttering at being left completely in the dark as to their duties—wild to be let slip, and ignorant when or where to make a move. The club-men were savage at being left without leaders to direct them, O'Brien and four of the war directory having fled, leaving 50,000 club-men without directions. At twelve o'clock on Sunday night I was aroused by a loud ringing at my gate, and on going to it a stranger put a note into my hand from Young, stating he had started westward. On Saturday, 29th, at the Chamber of Commerce, the *Hue and Cry* was shown to me with many names who were still in the city amongst them; Meany and Brenan crossing to Trinity Street, I saw the former at the *Felon* office, and, beckoning to him, I pointed to the front door of the Moira, and I entered through Dame Lane, where I showed him, much to his astonishment, his portrait and that of Brenan in the *Hue and Cry* as having absconded. We adjourned to Brenan's lodgings, when, receiving some directions from them, we parted. They remained *incog.* until the following Monday evening. On Sunday, the 30th, the most intense anxiety was manifest respecting the news from Tipperary. Thousands flocked to the south-western station on the expected arrival of each train, and rumours were current that there had been a conflict, with considerable loss of life. The Chamber of Commerce was thronged, and the telegraphic despatches were watched with the most intense anxiety, and received on each occasion with no ordinary disappointment as the stereotyped information was posted up, "all tranquil along the line". This had been the only information through that channel for the entire week; and it became evident that the Castle would allow of no other. One piece of information alone was evident—that none of the

leaders had been captured, and that if the peasantry had not joined in the movement they had duly protected their countrymen from arrest, a circumstance of national pride, tested by the large rewards offered by government for information which would lead to their capture—temptation nobly resisted by peasantry in the most miserable state of destitution, which is the almost only redeeming trait of character in the whole movement, and which must render them deserving of the utmost confidence and gratitude of their countrymen. The exertions of the government were immense. Ten thousand troops, with parks of artillery, were in the neighbourhood of, and anxiously scenting the trail of these men. Police and detectives were in full operation; money and promotion were liberally offered; they had to take refuge in the most miserable hovels, whose inmates knew the valuable prizes within their grasp, and not on that occasion, or on the subsequent trials, did a single individual connected with the national party betray the cause of his country, the laws of hospitality, or the high principle of fidelity and honour, so long and now so amply proved as the most leading of their national virtues. The fallacious reports first spread by Brown at the pike examination, and followed up by John O'Connell's party, that amongst the Confederates were a considerable number of informers in the government pay, was scattered to the winds. The truth and faithfulness of all the members of that party were fully tested by the fact that, although immense exertions were made by the government, they could not get a single individual belonging to the Confederation or the clubs to corroborate the testimony of the infamous Dobbyn, and the only individual who did assist them was not connected with, but daily antagonistic to their party,

who let no opportunity pass to vilify them and point out their proceedings to the enemies of his country, which was fully proved by the epistle addressed from his yacht in the Cove of Cork by John O'Connell, which will be found in the newspapers of the day. I have followed out the career of the *Tribune* from its first issue to its winding-sheet. I shall now return to the club-organization and other matters of deep interest.

In D'Olier Street, at the only secret meeting held, with the door tiled by that true man M. Brady, and the parties only admitted on being recognized by Thomas M. Halpin, the faithful, honourable secretary, thirty club presidents elected a war directory of seven—thirty club presidents, thirty vice-presidents, thirty secretaries, and 50,000 club-men organized, able-bodied, active, earnest men, were bound to obey the orders of those seven, no matter what; thousands of the military, thousands of the police were ready to join us. The Suspension Bill was passed, and O'Brien and four others fled, leaving not a trace behind, leaving everything in confusion and distrust. Perhaps, in the end, better it was so. But what must be thought of men placed with despotic, desperate power in their hands, acting thus,

The following is a list of the war directory:

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

PATRICK O'HIGGINS the Chartist.

JOSEPH BRENAN, aged nineteen.

THOMAS DEVIN REILLY, about twenty-two.

RICHARD O'GORMAN, junior.

JAMES FENTON LALOR.

James Fenton Lalor was purblind, and elected for his great ability and extraordinary power as a writer or in

council. He was powerless and feeble otherwise. Patrick O'Higgins and Joseph Brenan stood by their colours until arrested. William Smith O'Brien and the others disappeared, without leaving a message for O'Higgins or Brenan. Poor Meagher redeemed himself by his noble conduct in the American war for freedom, and afterwards met a melancholy fate; but O'Brien, the Nestor of the movement, placed in the van by 50,000 devoted men, who would have dared anything, why leave his post? why lose a cause then considered noble by leaving it at the culminating point?

On the 22nd July, 1848, it was generally known throughout the city that Lord John Russell had asked leave on the previous day to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, for seven months, to enable the arrest of all parties suspected of entertaining treasonable designs. On the same day, Friday, the proclamation appeared, placing the city and county Dublin under the provisions of the Crime and Outrage Act, passed without opposition in the previous session of parliament, the minister pledging himself that it was designed solely for the purpose of repressing agrarian crime and outrage; but now applied without scruple, and despite all pledges, to deprive the nation of the sacred right, guaranteed by the British Constitution to every citizen, to possess and learn the use of arms.

While the council was still undecided as to the course proper to be pursued by the members of the clubs in this trying emergency, this second decisive blow—the partial suspension of the constitution, evincing as it undoubtedly did the dread with which the government regarded a movement but yet in its infancy—threw the people into dismay and consternation, and the leaders, taken aback by

the sudden and serious nature of this double attack, became bewildered, and five out of the seven War Directory fled; Patrick O'Higgins and Joseph Brenan remaining at their posts.

It will not be necessary to go through the oft-told tale of the secession from the old association, "that last creation of the inventive genius of O'Connell", nor to detail the early and laborious progress of the true national party, nicknamed Young Ireland. Suffice it, that the Confederation had worked its way slowly, that its progress during the first year of its existence (1847) was marked rather by the decline of the old association, than by the increase of its numbers. Still the tone which pervaded the public mind, exhibited in the journals, magazines, and public meetings, manifested that pure gospel of national liberty, preached by the gifted orators and writers who composed the council of that body, was gradually, but surely, winning the hearts and convincing the reason of the people; they began at last to cast from them the trammels of faction, and their delusive hopes in the omnipotence of leadership; they began at last to recognize and to understand their own power. Public opinion, released from the despotism of O'Connell, asserted its own independence, and contemptuously abandoned Burgh Quay to bankruptcy and extinction, but yet stood aloof from the men who had given it freedom, who had striven to rear it up "racy of the soil", and appeared as it were awaiting till they should have proved worthy to control it, and guide the people to that liberty and happiness which their orators and poets had portrayed. While the brilliant genius of these men, their earnest devotion to liberty, and the glowing language in which they enunciated their principles,³ evidently im-

pressed themselves deeply in the hearts of the nation, it all failed to urge the people into activity, or induce them to shake the lethargy which appeared to paralyze them, after the defeat of their hopes in '43, and the death of him who had so long deluded them with false hopes and brilliant predictions, all which had ended in mortification and disappointment.

Thus at the commencement of '48, the old Repeal Association, which had been gradually losing the confidence of its supporters, was fast sinking into an inglorious grave; and the Confederation, whose principles had been recognized by many of the educated and intelligent portion of the national party, had received a very trifling amount of active support. The total numbers enrolled, including those in England and Scotland, did not exceed ten thousand, and though the club organization had been urged, and the system promulgated in an able report by C. G. Duffy, but five had been established in Dublin, three in the provinces, and a few in England. The popular mind was evidently in a state of paralysis, and the heart of the nation, oppressed by famine and the defeat of its former high hopes, was desponding, and sunk in the despair of death.

In February, C. G. Duffy, conceiving if a plain settled plan of policy was exhibited to the people, that they would rally to the cause, and emulate their former spirit and energy of action, brought forward a report upon "the ways and means of obtaining the legislative independence of Ireland". This report clearly defined the policy of 1843, together with many valuable additions suggested by the practical and comprehensive genius of that extraordinary man. To this report John Mitchell moved an amendment in council—he was

tired of constitutional agitation, which he designated a humbug and a delusion—argued as if the people were all animated by hearts such as his, and possessing the same grand ideas and pure love of liberty as himself. He desired to present to the view of the people the short and rugged road by which all other nations had reached the goal of liberty, contending that a people who were unwilling to incur danger and risk of death in the attainment of liberty, deserved not to enjoy its blessings. In vain his friends reasoned with him, and all owned that their principles were identical with his in the abstract, but that it was necessary to instruct the people, to unite them, and remove from them the errors and vices which they had inherited from ages of slavery and a long course of false and cowardly political teaching. Unconvinced, but with the same reckless self-will and indifference to personal consequences, which a few months afterwards caused him to rush headlong into the viceregal trap purposely set for him, he persevered with his amendment, endeavoured to force his views upon the council, and failing in that, being defeated after a protracted discussion which lasted nearly a week, he determined to bring his views and policy before the public, and thus arose the celebrated three nights' discussion in the Rotundo, which resulted in Mitchell's defeat. In consequence of this, Mitchell, Devin Reilly, and many others, resigned their seats on the council, but claiming to continue members of the body. The effects of this new division in the national party were for a time most disastrous, and bitterness and discord were sown amongst the small band of confederates. The people, more than ever distrustful, held back their support, and

the Confederation made no progress. The prospect was most gloomy and cheerless, and the vipers who had so long battered on the credulous generosity and enthusiasm of the people, taking advantage of the discussion and the topics introduced, raised the cry of "detectivism", and rumours and whisperings went abroad that the violent doctrines preached by Mitchell and his friends was but a trick of the government, for which he and they were paid. Mistrust and suspicion filled the public mind, and all was gloom and despondency, bickering and dispute, amongst the three sections into which unhappily the nationalists of Ireland were divided.

A sudden, thrilling, and most unexpected event changed the aspect of affairs, infused new light and activity into the ranks of the people, and caused all parties to raise their heads proudly, and their hearts to throb with hope and exultation. The revolution in Paris, the flight of Louis Philippe, was hailed by them as a bright harbinger of coming joy. They began to ask themselves how it was that the French democracy so readily displaced thrones and governments which oppressed them, while they, patiently submitting to every injustice and oppression which the wickedness or incapacity of their rulers could inflict, plodded on, bending their necks to the yoke, and expecting liberty to come to them from the heavens by a miracle, or by any means save those alone which men should use. But when the mails day after day brought fresh intelligence of revolution and royal flights, provisional governments, and the almost bloodless triumphs of the people in all the countries of the continent, the Irish people began to ask each other what means the lesson we have been taught so long; bide your time—bide your time has ever been the word from priest

and leader. Surely God hath sent this for our time; the opportunity has arrived. But oh, misery! oh, shame! still disunion, still distrust, still looking to others for what ourselves alone should do. Thus the opportunity was allowed to pass; and while the song of triumph was being chaunted by victorious freemen in nearly every land of Europe, Ireland, still abased and degraded, divided in her councils and her people, gladdens the hearts of her oppressors by her uncertain and futile attempts to emulate the glorious example set to her by her continental sisters, and they prepare with eager haste new bonds and new shackles with which to fetter her.

The processions of the clubs through the city produced a great excitement in the public mind, and the attention of the entire national party was directed towards the organization. The tone of defiance and exultation, of hope and promise, adopted by the Confederate leaders, increased the numbers in the clubs by thousands throughout the cities and towns; but the extreme caution, and in many instances the active opposition of the clergy, caused the organization to progress very slowly amongst the rural population, and at the time when the government were evidently intent upon forcing the nationalists into a contest by suspending the constitution, in order to enable them to make unlimited arrests, and by endeavouring to seize the arms of the people by proclaiming every district where the club-organization had begun to extend, the reports sent into the council proved that the people were only beginning to arouse from the apathetic indifference with which they had hitherto regarded every movement projected by the Confederate leaders; and on the 23rd of July the effective strength of the clubs stood,

in round numbers, somewhere about 200,000. In the metropolitan county and city there were in existence fifty-two clubs, the majority of which were either only in course of formation, or had not been established more than a month; the new system of organization had been published six weeks previously, and, as being simple, comprehensive, and essentially practical, deserves to be remembered and noted.

The junction of the rival parties of repealers, which had been delayed from month to month by the trickery, vacillation, and incapacity of John O'Connell, had only been effected, without his concurrence, the week after Gavan Duffy's arrest, and the council were beginning to look forward to a brilliant and useful campaign as missionaries of the League, to arouse the provinces to active organization, for which purpose Richard O'Gorman, junior, had gone to Limerick and Clare, Smith O'Brien to Wexford, and Meagher was on the point of starting for Waterford, and Dillon for Galway. A meeting of the League was appointed to be held at Killenny on the 31st of July, and other meetings were to follow in different towns in the south; arrangements had also been made with the Protestant Association for the northern campaign, and everything promised a mighty organization, which in a few months would place the leaders in a position either to negotiate the independence of their country peacefully with England, or manfully to assert the inalienable rights of the island, and, if necessary, maintain them with the arms of freedom.

The English government at once saw their position, and dreaded it; they saw now that the last breach between the Irish people had been healed—that the sacrifice of Mitchell was appreciated even by men who

had conspired against him but a few weeks previous to it; they saw their strongest hold on the people lost to them in the prostration of the O'Connell faction; they saw that even priestly influence was in the wane—that the clouds of bigotry and ignorance were being fast dispelled by the bright and glowing light of truth; they saw faction and party spirit merging into the love and ardent desire of nationality, which was now at last beginning to animate the hearts of an entire people. Seeing all this, the dread of tyrants came over them, and they resolved that the men who had brought the country to this state—the men upon whom the hopes of the people were set—should be sacrificed to the necessity of English supremacy and whig vengeance—that the cause for which Emmett and Tone and Fitzgerald had died—that the cause which had produced apostles and martyrs in every age, from the time that the Norman invader set his hostile foot on the Irish shore, that cause should again be prostrated in the blood of the purest and bravest spirits of the age, and that the manhood of the land should be *crushed* at one fell blow: and well and skilfully did they make their dispositions for a sanguinary conflict. Forty thousand bayonets, the flower of the British army, a large and well-armed constabulary force, an efficient naval armament on the coasts, testified that even before any armed preparations to any extent had been made by the nationalists, the government expected a desperate conflict.

With great precipitation county after county was proclaimed, and the constitution was abrogated, and many of the leaders fled into the hills of Tipperary, and a price was set upon their heads; and then, when the last plank of the constitution, that long-talked of justification for

armed resistance by O'Connell and his followers—when it was shivered from under their feet, the people saw those men, who had thousands of times sworn in the face of day, and called Heaven to witness their sincerity, that when that should occur they and their venerated clergy should be found heading the people, and leading them to do battle for their God and their country—they saw those men either backing the minister against the liberties of their country, or shamefully hiding themselves in holes and corners, and the clergy, who had sworn to emulate the example set by the heroic prelate of Milan and the priests of Italy, ranged on the side of oppression and injustice, and preaching to starving flocks the patience of slavery, the peace of death, while from pulpit and altar were hurled anathemas and denunciations against the men who were hunted and outlawed for their truth and devotion to country and liberty, and wherever the poor, starved, and wretched peasantry evinced an inclination to protect them from arrests, there was sure to be found an officious cleric to drive his flock before him, to escape the dangers and the glory of brave men, to meet the death of dogs.

Let it not be said that the priests simply did their duty as ministers of peace and religion by withdrawing their flocks from the dangers of insurrectionary movements. Those who are at all acquainted with Irish politics must be well aware that the conduct of the priests throughout the entire agitation must have impressed the minds of the people with the idea that sooner or later a physical contest was a matter of extreme probability, and a matter not by any means to be dreaded or avoided—when the popular party were unmistakeably in the right, and the opposing power the aggressor—we

need not, in proof of this position, go back to the annals of forty-three, and quote what now appears to have been braggadocio and bombast; but in the year 1848 we find the learned and eloquent Dr. Miley speaking in Conciliation Hall—[read his speech in the *Freeman* of the day]—and the patriotic and consistent parish priests of Claremorris and Borrisokane, doubtless urged to the duty by witnessing the appalling state of the country and the desperate condition of its miserable inhabitants, rivalling each other in instructing the people in that most valuable acquirement to the oppressed, a system of guerilla warfare—conceiving at the time they wrote, and rightly conceiving, that such a system, reduced to practice by a desperate and starving but a determined people, reckless of life—for they had nothing worth living for—would be far more efficacious in awakening their oppressors to a sense of justice than the cuckoo cry for peaceful, legal, and constitutional rights, even though that cry should be echoed in dulcet tones across the channel into the very ears of royalty. Well, at least we shall find that when the moment of danger arrived—when the leaders of the people, true to their missions, refused to abandon their posts, and scorning personal safety, even with a price upon their heads—some of these patriotic and valorous divines protected them or shared their perils, and met the brunt of the attack at the head of their flocks. Surely when the “last plank” of the constitution was withdrawn by the whigs, all the great talkers about constitutional rights rallied together, and met the minister’s attack with defiance, and defended the rights of the island. Surely the sons of him who had hurled his high and haughty defiance at the victor of Waterloo from the Mallow banquet—surely they were

found at their posts, true to the principles preached by their father, defending the last plank, if not with the sword in the field of battle, at least "dying on the floor of the house". Alas, for honour and consistency. No; let posterity judge the fact; we shall merely record it. My dear John, the hereditary leader of the Irish millions, was pleasantly cruising along the southern coast in his yacht. The constitutional leaders were *non est investus*, unless indeed we except the popular repeal member for the city, John Reynolds, who, with that politeness and urbanity for which he was distinguished, withdrew a motion he had on the books of the house, to enable the prime minister to pass the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act in one sitting, it having passed through the first, second, and third readings, and received the assent of the lords and the crown in one day; and, so far from the clergy fulfilling their pledges, we find that many of them appeared publicly in Tipperary, preventing the expression even of the people's feelings with regard to the acts of the government, and driving the leaders from the confines of their parishes, and in one instance, which I cannot avoid recording, Meagher and two of his friends, after being several days and nights exposed in the hills, without lodging and almost without food, applied at the house of a priest for temporary shelter and refreshment, which was refused with insult, and a man who had left his father's princely home—a man to whom the highest honours and position in the state were open from his brilliant genius—whose very life was forfeited for his devotion to his country—to that man and his two friends did a Catholic Irish priest, Father Kenyon, refuse a meal or a moment's shelter—shame upon him!

No sooner did he drive the patriots from his inhospitable door, than he sent for a party of constabulary, whom he entertained in the best style for more than a week, to guard his house; and the first public act of Father Hughes of Claremorris, the reverend author of the celebrated letter to Lord John Russell on the facilities afforded by nature to Ireland for carrying on a successful guerilla warfare, was his signature to a document denouncing the patriotic leaders of the people as enemies of peace, order, religion, and country.

In writing of the turpitude of the clergy at the closing of those scenes, I must record the fact that hundreds of the young priests were heart and soul with the movement, and in submitting to the orders of their superiors they did so with a pang of agony which clung to many who have disappeared from all worldly troubles, and which must be remembered with poignant regret by many patriotic and noble-minded survivors.

CITIZENS' CLUB.—ARRESTS.—NEWGATE.

The men of Forty-eight having been often taunted as communists and red republicans, I insert the following extract from an address delivered by me at the opening of the Citizens' Club, of which I was president, the principles of which were generally adopted by the clubs:

From the Irish Tribune.

"I here declare that no matter what may have been the injustice of her ministers and their hired minions—if Queen Victoria, whom we must all respect for her interesting and amiable qualities, which have given lustre to the position in which she is placed, and which must make us forget in her person the conduct of her predecessor—if she can be induced to exercise the moral courage which we know she is possessed of, and breaking

the demon-fetters of her infernal ministry, summon our national parliament in our own metropolis (hear, from John Savage and others), elected by a constituency suited to the era in which we live, and that John Mitchell is unconditionally returned to us—possessing the sentiments to which I have before alluded, I will, on such an occasion, be one of the first to take the oath of allegiance, which oath I would maintain at the cost of my existence. (Loud and prolonged cheers).”

Repeatedly warned to leave the city, I determined to remain, at the same time having a presentiment foreshadowing my destiny. On Monday I was ominously informed that I was the only president of a club visible in the city or suburbs, and on Tuesday evening, at six o'clock, whilst at dinner, the servant informed me two covered cars were at the gate, and some one wanted to see me. I felt my turn had arrived, and, followed to the front window by Mrs. M. and my little ones, I proceeded to the wicket. There was no one visible but the carman, and on my inquiring who wanted me, a body of eight policemen issued from the two cars. Allen of the detective force stated he had a warrant for my arrest, and on his showing it, I opened the gate for their entrance. The distressing scene which followed I cannot describe; two policemen remained guarding me in the dining parlour, whilst another searched my writing-desk and portmanteau; the remainder proceeded through the house, searched Mrs. M.'s drawers, trunks, writing-desk, work-boxes, etc. I had about *two thousand* copies of *The Tribune* in my library, which they seized, and I was removed to one of the cars, amid the agonizing expressions of Mrs. M. and our children, who clung to me to the last, endeavouring to support the scene with fortitude, exhibiting no tumul-

tuous burst of feeling, but expressing their agony by their looks and fast-flowing tears.

Arrived at the Castle, in the waiting room I consoled myself with a cigar, and after half an hour's delay, Colonel Browne, the detective chieftain, made his appearance, and hurrying through the performance, informed me I was committed for high treason; directed the escort to take me through Dame Street, past the College, Westmoreland Street, Britain Street, to Newgate, inquired if they had their pistols, and disappeared in his den.

It was nine o'clock when I arrived at Newgate, where I had to wait a considerable time for the appearance of the governor. At first they did not appear to know how to dispose of me; here I consoled myself with my cigar. About ten o'clock the governor presented himself and after politely apologising for not having better accommodation for me, resigned me to the guidance of a turnkey, who, after conducting me through a variety of dismal passages, whose rusty iron doors left no enviable sound grating on my ears—brought me through a large yard, opened a strong latticed iron door leading into a long gloomy corridor, to the end of which we proceeded, passing a number of untenanted cells, and opening the last on the range, introduced me to my habitation. This was of the most gloomy appearance, furnished with two metal bedsteads resting on brickwork, on each of which was a straw pallet with filthy blankets, and about seven feet from the ground, an open space about eighteen inches in length and three feet in breadth, intended for light and ventilation, strongly secured on the outside with iron bars, and having neither glass or shutter. My conductor showed whatever courtesy was in his power, informed me he had placed me in the corridor by myself, away from

the pickpockets, robbers, etc., made my straw pallet, lent me his own pillow, a small piece of candle, a lucifer match, and a tin of water, and, bidding me good night, secured my door, and for some minutes the harsh grating of the others brought me to a proper sense of my position as contrasted with the happy home from which I had that evening been abducted. Lighting another cigar, and retiring to my couch, it and the candle expired together, and in the gloom around me I commenced my prison slumbers, which continued until the following morning, when I was awoke by the ringing of a bell, bursts of voices in the yard beneath, the creaking of rusty hinges, the drawing of bolts, the clanging of keys, and the tramping of prisoners turning out of the different cells and corridors.

I lay for a moment considering if I should arise, when I heard a voice proceeding from some one looking through the lattice door, addressed to a second person, "Hush! his reverence is asleep". Here was a position; I was evidently mistaken for my respected kinsman the Dean, and they were retiring on tip-toe when the unopened door and gloomy light aroused my energies, and they appeared hat in hand, crossing themselves with every mark of respect. Having summoned them back, I found some difficulty in convincing them of their mistake, and few denizens of a dungeon were more respectfully treated. Having hastily dressed, I was conducted back as I came the night before, was gazed at by a crowd of culprits of all ages assembled in the yard; and my conductor opening a wicket, directed me to ascend a building opposite, informed me I would find some acquaintances, and left me to pursue my way, after securing the door by which I entered. Arrived at the upper landing, I opened

a strong wooden door studded with iron, the bolt of which was drawn, and the padlock suspended from the hasp, apparently but recently opened. On entering I found myself in a cell about twelve feet square, having rather a cheerful appearance, from the light supplied by a glazed window at front and rear; a fireplace, comfortably furnished, books strewn about on the table, which occupied the centre, and two bedsteads, one iron and the other French maple, the former occupied by R. D. Williams, the latter by O'Doherty, both of whom were still enjoying one of the few luxuries of which even a dungeon could not deprive them—the forgetfulness of tyranny in deep and placid slumber. For a moment I hesitated to advance, not wishing to disturb them; but my movement in the cell prevented my retreat by a shout from O'Doherty: "Hillo, old fellow, how the —— did you gain admission to visit us? Is old Cerberus relenting? Look you here, Will", giving Williams a gentle tap, which brought him to a sitting position in his bed, with his hands to his eyes, rubbing off the heavy slumber, and screening off the sun's rays darting through the casement—"here 's a mystery". "Not at all", I responded, "I found no difficulty in being admitted, having been accompanied by an order to that effect from our mutual master of the ceremonies, Colonel Browne, and with your permission I shall join you at the breakfast equipage". "Welcome, welcome, my boy. But what the —— are you here for?" "To keep you company for the present, if not for better quarters than I enjoyed last night, and wait patiently the denouement of Victoria's most loyal Catholic Attorney-General". Questions were now rapidly put and answered. During toilet operations the attendant prepared breakfast, and we were commencing the

usual formalities, allocating fresh eggs and buttering toast, when steps were heard ascending, and Charles Taaffe, Barrister, was ushered in by the attending antipodes of St. Peter. "Shade of Minos! but the plot thickens. You here too", exclaimed Williams. "What, think you, is not Newgate a great cell? (query, sell)". "Another protégé of the worthy Colonel's, I suppose", said O'Doherty. "Nevertheless, I suppose your early rising has improved your appetite—set to". The usual explanations.—The worthy detective aroused Taaffe from his slumbers, and produced him to the Castle functionary, accompanied by his Eighty two Club dress of green and gold, which was regarded as a most important prize, and an evident proof that the worthy barrister had forgotten his law and allegiance, and had prepared his equipment as a general of the insurgent forces. About ten o'clock we had a visit from C. G. Duffy and John Martin, both of whom appeared in excellent health and spirits, and a couple of hours were most agreeably spent in their company. They invited Taaffe and myself to dinner, in company with Williams and O'Doherty, who messed with them, but of this the prison regulations prevented our accepting; and Taaffe sent home for dinner, whilst I had mine from a chop-house. Our duty was now to look out for accommodation. Our friends' cell was that which had been occupied by Fitzgerald, afterwards by John Mitchell, then John Martin, who had been moved to Duffy's side to make room for Williams and O'Doherty. On the opposite side of the landing was a large room, about forty feet by twenty, furnished with immense tables, which must have been made up in it, having two windows open at each end, fronting Green Street, and looking at the rere into the large yard into which the or-

dinary cells opened. There were no windows or shutters, but, it being the only unoccupied apartment, we applied by letter for its application for our accommodation. The day had, however, advanced too far to make any preparations; and Taaffe and I were duly transmitted to the dungeon I had occupied the previous night. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. On the following morning we were aroused as before, and conducted across the large yard. A young urchin exhibited his skill in relieving Taaffe of his handkerchief, which he showed in triumph to his "pals"; but as I had seen the performance, he had to resign it with equal despatch, yelling under the blows of the massive keys held by the turnkey. We breakfasted as before, and were again visited by C. G. Duffy and John Martin, wrote to Redington for an order to see our families, sent home for some furniture, which arrived in the course of the day; and Sir Edward Stanley and Mr. Smith having granted permission, we took possession of the large room, which, at our request, was ordered to be glazed at the end fronting the street. Later in the day two or three young men belonging to the clubs were brought in, and, placing the large tables side by side, they made accommodation for the night. On the 4th Dr. M'Carran was introduced, having left Liverpool on the arrival of the American ship "Sarah Sands", of which he was surgeon, to pay a flying visit to his brother-in-law, C. G. Duffy, but, immediately after his landing, he was seized on by the detectives, and being brought to Newgate, Martin and Duffy's visits were prohibited, and he had not even the satisfaction of seeing his relative. Covered cars, escorted by police, rattled at the front of Newgate with fresh supplies; the large room was becoming crowded,

and the constant arrivals, greetings, and inquiries, rendered the scene animated and interesting.

R. D. WILLIAMS and KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.

On receiving the underneath from the Stamp Office, well knowing its intentions, a meeting of the *Tribunes* was held, and it was at once agreed on that our compact should be carried out. Although well knowing what the result would be, R. D. WILLIAMS and K. I. O'DOHERTY, the two registered proprietors, signed the papers. At the following commissions in Green Street, O'Doherty was tried and convicted for having *published an article he never wrote*, and transported for ten years, and Williams was tried twice without effect.

2nd Notice.

[H]

ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.

STAMP OFFICE, DUBLIN,

22nd day of June, 1848.

SIR,—The *Irish Tribune* newspaper of the 10th and 17th inst. not having been received, I am directed by the commissioners to desire that the same may be sent forthwith.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES VERNON, *Registrar*.

To the printer of the *Irish Tribune*.

A paper of the 17th was received, but not properly signed by either of the proprietors or the printer. It was also cut.

A paper properly signed must be sent and uncut.

No number of the first publication, 10th inst., has been received.

We were locked up at eight o'clock, but a good fire, plenty of cigars, lights, a copious supply of wine, spirits, XX, and ale, gave the apartment more the appearance

of a large barrack-room after a day's tramp than the cage in which political martyrs were doomed to expiate the guilt of honesty and love of fatherland. Dr. M'Carron, notwithstanding the novel position in which he was placed, had an immense flow of animal spirits, and set the initiative by singing some humorous American nigger songs, followed by a reel, in which several others joined. He was followed by some of the club-men. O'Donohoe, a fine manly fellow, brother to the martyr, and Hanly, who had excellent voices, kept up the merry song, and the cheerless gloom of the prison was enlivened by a scene perhaps never before witnessed within its walls. The scene closed with the magnificent song, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" The extended tables now formed a great bedstead, on which about a dozen prisoners placed their beds, in which they were ensconced, and the lights were extinguished, as one loud oath of eternal hatred and vengeance against our oppressors was recited and repeated by the entire party with deep, slow sounds of earnestness and determination. M'Carron, Taaffe, and I had our beds in the rere end of the room, and we entered into a conversational report of different circumstances occurring previous to our arrests. I had concluded the *Hue and Cry*, and my last interview with Brennan and Meany, when the heavy rolling of covered cars, and the loud tramp of horse police or military, sounded along the street; there was a halt at the entrance below. "For a ducat", exclaimed I, "here comes Brennan to redeem his bail"—I had bailed him in the Trinity Street row case to appear at the commission. A delay of half an hour occurred, the cars and escort had departed, when the turnkey opened the door, followed by men bearing luggage,

beds, bedding, etc., and stated that Dr. West, Meany, and Brennan were in the hatch.

A miserable candle left by the turnkey near the door, with a flickering light, threw a gloomy shade over the immense room; the tables had about half a dozen beds spread, and others were on the floor in different directions, as suited the whim of the retiring parties. Some half-dressed, some with night-caps, and the greater number without. Several tables in different quarters covered with bottles, most of which were "marines", tumblers, sound and broken tobacco pipes, ends of cigars, bread, cold meat, corks, corkscrews, newspapers, and tins of water to cool the throats of the thirsty smokers and singers. "Welcome, Brennan!" lustily shouted M'Carron, as three figures entered the room, and in surprise directed their attention to the dark corner in which we were located. "Ha, West!" exclaimed Taaffe from under his coverlet, his night-cap drawn down so as to conceal his being recognized by friend or foe. "Have you finished your run, Meany?" cried I, who was similarly stunned. "Who the —— are you?" shouted the three. In an instant thirteen or fourteen figures sprang from their different reclined positions—unsophisticated *sans culottes*, into the centre room, to the astonishment of the new arrivals. Fresh lights were procured. "Ha, Meyler, is that you?" cried Brennan and Meany—"and you"—cried West to Taaffe—and you, and you, and you—was repeated backward and forward as the different friendly hands were extended to grasp the trio addition to our mirth and melancholy, our songs and execrations. Fresh bottles were uncorked, fresh cigars lit, question and cross-question propounded and replied to; and it was pretty near rising time ere we retired to our different bivouacs,

before which I took the opportunity of introducing Brennan to M^cJarran, who gave him the first welcome greeting; and they continued fast friends after.

Some days prior to my arrest I was passing through Sackville Street, and my attention was attracted by a crowd in Sackville Lane. On inquiry I found the Philistines had seized the last number of the *Nation* whilst in the press, and all the printers and their assistants, about twenty in number, were arrested and transmitted to Newgate. Fullam of the *Nation* was leaving the scene of devastation, and beside him a foreigner was walking, whom I at once knew to be an American. The principles of his country were stamped on his manly brow and erect carriage, which, combined with a peculiarly handsome, manly countenance and flowing black beard, attracted interest and attention. I observed to Fullam, "an *action* may soon give you *ample damages*". "No", exclaimed the American, "it would be against wind and tide". On the morning after the previous arrival, this fine fellow, J. F. Bergin, was brought into our Literary, Scientific, and Practical Society of the Friends of Liberty, and hearty was the welcome received by our new friend; As I could claim the earliest acquaintance with him, I profited by it to encourage our intimacy, greatly to my satisfaction.

On the morning of the fifth, the following were assembled at breakfast: R. D. Williams, K. I. O'Doherty, Charles Taaffe, Dr. M^cCarron, "Sagacity" West, Joe Brennan, J. F. Bergin, and myself; a council was held; a mess formed; West was elected president, I vice-president, and Molly Donohoe, the renowned of Abbey Street, appointed purveyor. An order was accordingly sent to forward dinner daily at half-past four o'clock. Ample

supplies of wine, whiskey, ale, XX, cigars, tobacco, pipes, and all matters requisite to comfort the inner man, were ordered and supplied, and our first dinner was both interesting and agreeable. Molly performed her duty to universal satisfaction, and her health and steady adherence to that day's *recherché* repast was drank with enthusiasm. In the evening (the 6th August), much to our astonishment, our latest guest, Bergin, sang, in magnificent style, the glorious song of his native land, and the whole prison re-echoed with the chorus, in which he was joined by a dozen manly and enthusiastic voices, deepened into grand, impressive melody, as the impressive words:

Oh! where is the foe that so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
His blood has washed out his foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freeman shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-blest land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust";
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The residents of the entire neighbourhood seemed aroused as if by magic, at the inspiring and noble chorus thus issuing from what appeared to them as the prison of the doomed; and an immense crowd thronged Green Street, gazing at the windows with astonishment and delight, at the novel and extraordinary scene thus exhibited of men

who at the time were considered as having halters round their necks, thus expressing their strong sense of the principles of liberty, and defiance of their oppressors, and it was not until an angry and insolent official burst scowling with rage and threats into the apartment, that it was discontinued. The night was spent, as before, in joyous hilarity, which was much heightened by Bergin's national and humorous songs, and his beautiful execution of some of our own sweet melodies, at which he appeared *au fait*, as if he had imbibed them at his mother's breast; these he chequered with some excellent negro anecdotes; and M'Carron striking up a dance, followed by his humorous store of marine anecdotes and some choice songs, in which he was succeeded by others; supplies similar to the preceding night, and at a late hour the lights were gradually extinguished, amid murmuring execrations against Clarendon and his infamous satellites, without any further addition to our ranks.

The mornings of the 10th and 12th were ushered in by the arrival of C. R. Mahony, John Lawless, and some others. On this day, after breakfast, Sir Edward Stanley ordered that we should have the large yard for two hours each day to exercise, for which he received our acknowledgments. At the given time we hastened with alacrity to breathe a change of atmosphere and stretch our limbs, which were becoming inactive from confinement. Some parties commenced ball-playing at one end, whilst the others promenaded in the sun, which shone with invigorating brilliancy; and, notwithstanding the doubtful quality of the new atmosphere, we felt the change peculiarly refreshing. The day passed without any other incident. We were duly summoned from below by the timely arrival of Molly's equipage, and the change of air having

- sharpened our gastronomic capacities, we did it ample justice. In the evening we had again the same round of jovial merriment, closed the window during the performance of the "Star-spangled Banner", and were undisturbed by either a new arrival or a surly turnkey; performed our libations with more organized proceedings, resulting in fewer head-aches, and retiring to "hammock" before one o'clock, having passed through similar scenes as those on the previous evening.

The morning of the twelfth was ushered in by the arrival of Ryan, another American citizen of Irish birth, and some interest was attracted by his naturalization paper and passport, notwithstanding which he could not escape the harpies of the Castle. He, however, and Bergin, comforted themselves with the prospect of ample atonement, the realization of which was fervently hoped for by all present. After breakfast we were attracted from the windows by a large number of peasantry introduced into the large yard, all of whom were ill-clad, but most of them fine, athletic young men. They appeared to have suffered the pangs of abstinence, for a loaf with which each was furnished was devoured with avidity. A few minutes after, two or three military gentlemen in undress appeared, and approached to where they were all seated in a range, finishing their repast. We now understood the party consisted of twenty-one, who were taken prisoners at Ballingarry, and the first question put to those fine fellows by these military detectives was, "When did you see Smith O'Brien? Do you know where he is? Were you in the Collieries, or at the attack on M'Cormack's?" All these questions were answered with that *naiveté* with which an Irish peasant can "bother" a cross-examiner; but when the question was, "Why did you not

surrender Smith O'Brien, and earn the £500?" the noble fellows, with a disdainful glance at the inquirers, exclaimed almost simultaneously: "Bygor, there is not a man in the country will betray him!" and the tyros in detectivism sneaked off confounded and followed by the indignant scowl of the patriots.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

The following extract is from the diary of the late Rev. Thomas Carroll, Roman Catholic pastor of Clonoulty, taken from the narrative of the leaders, and authenticated by their signatures.

BALLINGARRY.

"This enthusiasm was, however, suddenly damped, and in a quarter where it might have been expected that an effort would be made to turn it to good account in favour of the movement. O'Brien had no sooner reached Ballingarry than he addressed the people from the chapel wall. He spoke of the struggle in which they were about to engage, and asked his hearers would they allow him to be arrested by the queen's troops? They of course declared with one voice that they never would. He next told them that as their cause was a holy one, it should not be disgraced by any outrage on person or property, and that he would punish with death any of his followers who would injure the property of any man—that he would now dismiss them all for the night, retaining only twenty men to form a body-guard, and that he expected every man whom he then addressed would return to his standard at an early hour next day, supplied with provisions for at least four days; the quality of provisions which he would recommend was oatmeal, bread, and hard eggs.

To any one it must have appeared little less than common mockery of their wants, to tell a people living on a daily allowance of a pound of Indian meal, to return on the following day bringing with them, every man, four days' provisions. The people dispersed, downcast and dispirited, and from this day forward never again came together in such numbers".

After the departure of the military, our first idea was to contribute as much as possible to their wants, and a shower of tobacco was flung to them from the windows, also cold meat, white bread, and every thing of the kind we could lay hands on. Telegraphic communication was at once established, and they appeared delighted; they were near friends they little expected. The newspapers were then launched to them, and having shaved, washed, and improved their appearance with the little convenience they were supplied with, they filled their pipes, and an intelligent-looking man read their contents. This day and the following we were prevented having access to the yard in consequence of the arrival, but the friendly communication established was kept up with gratification on both sides. We had passed the routine of Molly's agreeable prescription for the inner man, and were discussing our liquid accompaniments, when a rustle was heard on the stairs, then on the landing, and in the large bivouac room. The door suddenly burst open and in rushed more than a dozen of our fellow prisoners, bearing in their arms a noble-looking boy about ten years old, shouting with enthusiasm, "Young Mitchell, young Mitchell". The little fellow sprang with delight amongst us, and was alternately seized and kissed by every man of the mess with the earnestness of men who had just discovered a near and dear relative. He was at home

with us in a moment, put questions and answered them with an intelligence far above his years, and it was with difficulty he was removed from amongst us. Before he left I seized the opportunity to secure his autograph, which he wrote in a bold and nervous style over the others. His departure was as his entrance, in the arms of his new friends, who did not relinquish their burthen until he was reluctantly deposited at the hatch door, and left amid the adieus of men who cherished the memory of his father and instantly felt the sympathy of that friendship transferred to his eldest born.

On the ninth there were twenty-three inmates in the large room, and we were confined to our quarters all day. We accordingly remonstrated, and the large yard was ordered to be at our disposal on the following and successive days for two or three hours, during which the Ballingarry men were to be confined to close quarters. This point gained, we passed the day with tolerable satisfaction, and in the evening had our usual routine. The novelty of arrivals was at an end, but there was no flagging in our evening orisons, and on this day we formed our confession of political faith, which was cordially acceded to, and liberty, equality, and fraternity was our adopted motto. Wavering loyalists flung their scruples to thin air, and twenty-three men were doubly cemented in brotherhood—prisoners and felons, patriots of one political faith, whilst *Vive la République* became our parting cry on breaking up for the night; á bas Russell, á bas Clarendon, á bas packed judges, jurors, and sheriffs—the oft repeated execration; John Mitchell, the apostle of liberty and free opinion, our afternoon toast, followed by Meagher and O'Brien, and the memory of Fitzgerald, Emmett, and Tone.

On the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth we went through the usual routine, had access to the yard, and conversed with our Balingarry friends through the window of their day room, whilst we were daily surveyed by detectives from the gallery extending through the four prison yards where the sentries promenaded. This operation of spotting individuals, for the purpose of swearing against them, was adopted here, at Kilmainham, and wherever state prisoners were confined. Our attention was almost solely attracted to the approaching trials of O'Doherty and Martin. The former, with whom we were in constant intercourse, was treated as a foredoomed martyr, and all sympathy and attention was directed to him; and our mess insisted on having him and Williams to dine with us on Thursday, the 13th, the day preceding his trial. All communication with Martin and Duffy, on our side of the prison, had been cut off for some time, except for O'Doherty and Williams; and it was with no small gratification we saw through the window over the door C. G. Duffy and John Martin promenading the small gallery attached to the landing entering their apartments, and a mutual recognition having taken place, we for some time continued exchanging salutations, during which we were interrupted by the ominous tramp of horses and sound of a car, which pulled up at the prison door. As we had no arrival for some days, there was a perfect scene of excitement, when, after some delay, J. F. Lalor was ushered to our department, and, apparently greatly to his gratification, met a hearty welcome. He had been in solitary confinement in a gloomy cell at Thurles, had fully expected to have had a similar one here, and expressed his satisfaction with warmth on his unexpected reception. He had just come in time for dinner, and at the usual

hour the following assembled at the jovial board: R. D. Williams, K. I. O'Doherty, our guests, J. F. Lalor, our newly-inducted *confrère*, West, M'Carron, Taaffe, Bergin, Ryan, Brenan, Meany, C. R. Mahony, Lawless, and Meyler; and I doubt if ever, amid prison walls, a truer band of patriots assembled, or enjoyed the hilarity of so joyous a banquet of soul and solidity, Williams's wit, Lalor's pasquinades, Bergin's songs, a general supply of patriotic anecdotes; and could Fitzgerald's shade re-visit his last residence, which we now occupied, he would have beheld with satisfaction congenial spirits as ardent, as defiant and determined as his own; spirits with equal love of fatherland, fostering the fond hope of yet avenging his bloody end and their common country's centuries of oppression. The evening concluded with our anthem, in which the whole party enthusiastically joined. Notwithstanding the resolution which we had adopted, to treat with derision the efforts of the government to coerce our strong and deeply-implanted principles of nationality by brutal and venomous acts of mean and petty surveillance and privations, we could not but feel intensely the sufferings of our several families, from the midst of whom most of us were dragged, terrifying delicate and attached wives and young and helpless children. Bodies of insolent detectives and police invading the privacy of our domestic homes, and, like bands of highwaymen, searching those homes in every quarter for plunder to convey to their employers, placing sentinels on the doors and windows to prevent escape, breaking open doors, trunks, and drawers, ripping open wainscoting and flooring, and carrying off writing-desks with papers, and, in many instances, large sums of money, which the owners had afterwards great difficulty in recovering, and then only returned to them

as a special grace, the plunderers no doubt recollecting the scenes of Sirr and Ninety-eight, and calculating on escaping from the consequences of their diabolical actions under the paternal administration of a reign of terror. The order accompanying each arrest was, to prevent the prisoner seeing any one, or writing any letter which was not inspected by the turnkeys. Indeed, many were unable to communicate with their friends for several days, who were, consequently, in consternation at their absence. Then came the necessity of applying to the Castle for permission to see our wives and children, which was granted as an immense favour, provided a turnkey was always present at the interview. Again, after some delay, a friend or brother received an order for one interview in the presence of a turnkey, and on signing his name in a book in the prison. This latter appeared as a trap to identify handwriting, should any anti-government correspondence be detected. Still those were gladly looked forward to; and happy was he who could pay a visit on the day appointed for that ceremony. To do the officials of the prison every justice, they conducted themselves, with few exceptions, with every feeling of delicacy and commiseration their position would admit of, treating our visitors, particularly the ladies and children, with whatever courtesy their accommodation and duty could allow. Often, when the room set aside for visitors was occupied by first arrivals, the others were conducted to the apartment set aside for church service, and if that was occupied, to the court-room. The official presence was rendered as little observable as possible, the party quietly remaining at the door, and even there performing his surveillance with evident disgust at the office to which Clarendon had deputed him. The governor,

Mr. Smith, on every occasion acted the part of a gentleman, and he and Sir Edward Stanley contributed greatly to all social comforts and enjoyments which the prison rules permitted, despite the Castle mandate to the contrary.

I here present Melly Donohoe's bill:

C. H. WIST, Esq., M.D.,

President of the Felons' Club, Newgate.

HOND SUR,—Many thanks for your kind recollections of myself an Pether. We are highly honord for the patronage of the Patrirts—send you the dinner & & as ordered by you. Here you have the little bill:

		£	s.	d.
Dinners per Waither Pat	0	12	0
3 Bottles Champang per do	...	1	1	0
1 Box Cigars	1	5	0
On Gallon Malt (the bist)	...	0	14	0
Lump Shugar...	...	0	2	6
Lemons	0	0	6
		<hr/>		
		L3	15	0

Ped with miny thanks M. D., Abbey Street. Pether is in his glorey. God bless yez all.

In that den, where twenty-four men were grouped together in a fœtid atmosphere, with double-barred windows, well-bolted doors, jarring with ominous sound as they closed on us for the night, to the chance of contagion, as an accompaniment to captivity, or opened on the following morning to admit a fresh victim, or emit the occupants and their attendant of steaming, noxious vapour, congregated hearts which throbbed with the conscious principles of rectitude, the proud sentiments of honour, the soul-bursting, energetic love of country, the deeply-seated, deeply-vowed, and deeply-reverberated

wild justice of revenge, rendered those prisoners—were they doomed to the black-hole of Calcutta, or ignobly swung from the gallows-drop—which was now daily oiled and set in order within their view—in strong and glorious relief, with the passive instruments of the “base, bloody, and brutal whigs”.

It is not to be supposed that scenes of merriment and earnest malediction formed our sole source of occupation. Rising at half-past six, after the morning's ablutions over, the great majority of the prisoners being Roman Catholics, attended strictly to their religious duties; and it was rather a singular, and would be to many a gratifying spectacle, to behold twenty-two individuals, most of whom were very young men, spending the first portion of the forenoon in what they considered the first claim on their attention, and their example formed an edifying contrast to the laxity of discipline evinced by West and myself, who were the only Protestants of the party. It struck me as a peculiar feature in the national character in those young patriots—whom the government and London press foully denounced as socialists and red republicans—the sincerity and humility with which they performed those devotional orisons, which I had an opportunity of witnessing here, in Belfast, and Kilmainham, where I was severally confined, and had an opportunity of scrutinizing the conduct of at least thirty of the state prisoners, who, whilst thus attending to the primary duties of their creed with honest earnestness, almost one and all declaimed against all influence or interposition of their clergy, except in the performance of their secular avocations; and the conduct of those who obtruded themselves in politics, and betrayed the cause which they had pledged themselves, before the altar and their country

to maintain—was canvassed with feelings of indignant reprehension and contempt. The newspapers were introduced at breakfast, and an hour was usually occupied in discussing matters of general interest—peculiarly so to men situated as we were—after which we prepared to pass through the day's ordeal to the best advantage possible. The breakfast equipage removed, books were in requisition. The small cell—formerly Lord Edward Fitzgerald's, then successively occupied by John Michell, John Martin, and K. I. O'Doherty, who was now the paramount possessor, who kindly placed it at our disposal for a mess-room—became a study. The rule of silence, except during meal times, was posted over the fire-place, and strictly enforced.

Taaffe, the most systematic of the party, retired at once to his reading-desk, at which he continued until the hour of exercise, occupied with his select collection of French and English authors. The centre table was occupied with writing-desks, and the day's correspondence was written by such as felt inclined to pursue it. In the large room several groups were formed at the fire-place, near the front window. C. R. Mahony and P. Marron attacked each other at the chess-board. O'Donohoe, R. F. Ryan, Hanley, having a copious supply of books, read alternately to each other. Joe Brenan formed a literary coterie at the extreme end, consisting of himself, Hanvey, a Trinity student, E. Martin, a medical student, Doyle, a young compositor, and John Lawless; supplied with Voltaire, Rousseau, Lamennais, Molière, and other French works, with Colonel Mitchell on Tactics, and read, discussed, made extracts, or started original topics.

In the study remained Taaffe and J. F. Bergin poring over books. S. J. Meany, who had a copious supply of

newspapers, ensconced himself at the fire-place, poring over their contents, attempting occasionally to refer to them, but the unanimous cry of silence reduced him to decorum, and enjoy in secret the mysteries of the broad-sheet. West and myself remained writing or occasionally taking a promenade in the outer privilege room, having voted hearing reading a bore, and the perusal of light literature a waste of genius. Here we joined M'Carron, who flitted from his pipe to a newspaper, or a half-hour's scrutiny of the chess-board. In the chimney corner of this room J. F. Lalor was located, preferring the freedom of observation which was prohibited in the study. Here he diligently read the two morning journals, and drank in his own articles from the indictment against Martin with evident delight, more particularly when any strong sentence was commented on by the crown lawyers as being most dangerous to her Majesty's crown and security, etc.; and even the chess-players were obliged to cease until the passages were read and commented on. These finished, he carefully folded the papers, and deposited them in his portmanteau, with as much satisfaction as the most aspiring subject could evince on securing his first patent of nobility, and depositing it in the archives of his family honours. Meany, wearied with his broadsheet exercise, would turn in with a yawn amongst the loungers, report some morceau he had just been reading, inquire what would form the constituent parts of dinner, if the stock of liquid creature-comforts was ample, and, being satisfied on these points, would declaim in no measured terms on the barbarity daily used in the continued scraping, oiling, and exercising the trap of the gallows, situated in front between the two apartmeats which we occupied, and the grating, ominous noise from which

disturbed not a little the harmony of our general avocations; besides, from the windows we could distinctly see women and children looking at and pointing to the operation with looks of disgust and horror, and then, too, plainly directing their attention to our apartments as containing victims for the intended sacrifice, to improve the feeling connected with which Meany discovered that the authorities had advertised for a hangman, and it was reported that one of the inmates of the condemned yard was appointed, and exhibited daily at the gallery window.

Thus we careered through our days and nights in this caravanserai of human suffering, of political persecution, thus torn from home, friends, wives, and children—our dearest affections blighted by the rude and treacherous gripe of cowardly tyranny—our families suffering all the agony of separation and uncertainty; caged in a nauseous den which the vilest criminal might justly enter with repugnance and protest, deprived of pure air, and inhaling noxious vapours emanating from hundreds of close, filthy cells, whose occupants were crowded together, and whose filthy *personnel* alone would suffice to poison the atmosphere of a more extended range of buildings, then those cooped within the walls of Newgate. Pent in this *locale* of crime and filth, but one spirit pervaded our whole party—unswerving hatred against oppression, and mutual determination to support with firmness our position, enlivening it on every opportunity with good humour and merriment.

On the morning of the 14th, I demanded from my friend Joe Brennan a specimen of his rhyming skill, with his autograph attached; and on returning from the exercise yard, after ball-playing, he requested the book I intended for the purpose, when he sat down and wrote the following, Meany succeeding as our poet laureate:

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER, OF THE "*Tribune*", STATE PRISONER.

Tribune—for by this name I'll call you, friend—

No no nobler title can human claim,

The Tribune's faith will triumph in the end,

And heave gray Europe up like latent flame.

Rienzi died—his spirit burns to-day.

In this dark room Lord Edward breathed his last,

Yet sceptre-like his soul sways us away—

The present reaps the crop sown in the past.

Brave Tone lay murdered in his prison cell:

His blood was spilled upon the fruitful earth,

And death to him was like enchanter's spell;

For brother Tribunes from his blood took birth.

The Tribune's creed—the Tribune's fearless faith,

Shall give to earth the eagle's second youth.

Then hold your creed, though its reward be death;

For glorious is a martyrdom for truth. J. BRENNAN.

Newgate, August 14, 1848.

NEWGATE NOTABLES.

Bold Bergin sings of "stripes and stars",

M'Carron raves of "wife" and "brother",

West curses Newgate's bolts and bars,

And Brennan! where get such another?

A "dreaming boy's ecstatic spell"

Is his, despite of Guy's detective

Scoundrel schemes and prison cell,

A bed on flags, and *Post* invective!

The "*SHAMROCK*" blooms in prison air

As verdant as in native wildness.

O'Dogherty, the "child" who ne'er

Forgets his chivalry and mildness!

And Taaffe, the prince of princes, who,

With heart unselfish, cares for others—

Good, pure, and kind, what should we do

Only for him; then toast him, brothers,

Meyler! ha, Walter Thomas! he

Whose kindred soul's as fierce as any;

"Our Mess" roll's finished, wanting me,

Then here I am, boys!

S. J. MEANY.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald's cell, August 14th, 1848.

The morning of the 14th was all anxiety about O'Doherty, whose trial was to take place; and we left him and Williams to breakfast by themselves. At ten o'clock he was summoned below, and escorted from thence to the dock, without betraying the slightest symptom of anxiety, but with unfaltering step and placid but determined look proceeded to what we considered certain doom. On the landing he was surrounded by all his fellow-prisoners, who shook him warmly by the hand, and bade him God speed. On his departure every one crowded to the windows in front to watch the passers in the street hurrying to the court. The sheriff and his assistants came first; then Monahan and the other crown lawyers; and last the judges. As they passed in view, they met with suitable anathemas. Then all was blank; and as we were allowed no visitors, we could get no possible information of the proceedings in court, the swearing in of the jury, their names, or the charge of the judge against the prisoner. The morning was fine: the sun shone brilliantly outside the prison walls; but all was uneasiness and gloom within. At last the summons for parade was issued, and we proceeded to the yard in solemn silence, and there we moved about for a few minutes, some retired to a nook enlivened by a stray gleam of sunshine, when some one called on Bergin to sing "The Star-spangled Banner". In an instant all was animation. His rich, melodious, and stentorian voice sounded grandly, but, when joined by twenty-three voices in the chorus, the effect was sublime—the prison walls and cells re-echoed to the magnificent anthem, sung with all the pathos and enthusiasm of men who felt the burning words as they issued forth in all their majesty. The guards were astounded, the turnkeys flocked to the iron-grated door to gape in astonishment at

this contempt of court—all the officials looked daggers—but there were a band of twenty-four men, captives in a loathsome gaol, the victims of high principle and love of fatherland and true liberty. The court assembled to make our young fellow-prisoner run the gauntlet through the farce of justice and packed juries, was within fifty yards: the thrilling strain reverberated through the court. The officials on the bench trembled with rage and horror at the audacious sounds, and despatched the sheriff to stop the disturbance and threaten the offenders; but he arrived too late; our feat was accomplished, and he retreated, chagrined at his lost opportunity of exhibiting his malice. Satisfied at our performance, and enlivened by its effects, the parties grouped in different directions, the universal subject evidently being the trial of our friend, when, lo! with agile step he approached from the hatch door, and springing down the steps into the yard we were occupying, challenged a party to play ball, at the same time selecting his own partners. For a moment we looked astonished, then inquired if he was acquitted. When with perfect *sang froid* he replied the jury were locked up, and at once proceeded to play his game, whilst the crown and jury were playing their game of dice for his life or death. This singular match having terminated in favour of O'Doherty's side, he made a retreat to lunch, which he had hardly finished when he was again escorted to the dock.

Again the windows were resorted to with the hope of gleaningsome information from the countenances of parties passing from the court as to the favourable selection of the jury for or against the crown. Our dinner was the first dull one since our imprisonment, anxiety and *ennui* being its only accompaniments, and when over, all were

again on the look out for news. In this state we remained until six o'clock, when from below we heard voices with cheerful sounding, crying out "O'Doherty, O'Doherty". In a few minutes he was amongst us, and announced that the jury were locked up without the chance of agreement. "Hurra! Hurra!" was the simultaneous re-echo; hands were thrust forward in every direction to grasp that of him who had escaped the fangs of Monahan, and he was literally carried to the chair of our mess. Sundry bottles were opened and circulated; O'Doherty was toasted again and again; merry glees and patriot songs were joyously sung, and packed juries, perjured sheriffs, and partisan judges, consigned to perdition. At a late hour we retired, and at ten o'clock next morning it was announced that the jury had disagreed and were discharged, by some unaccountable mistake one true man having been placed amongst the twelve

On Thursday evening, about nine o'clock, I was contemplating meeting my family on the morrow, when half a dozen names were called to proceed to the governor's office. An order for trial was our impression, but what was our dismay when he read to us an order to remove us on the following morning at half-past five o'clock. I had borne arrest and separation from my family, imprisonment with calm determination, but this brutal and unheard-of piece of villany I was wholly unprepared for, and this order was signed "Clarendon". If no other one act of his stamped his career, this act alone should damn his name to all posterity. Six gentlemen torn from their homes at the caprice or ill-will of his detective deputies, untried, no indictment against them, whilst the commission for trial of prisoners was still

sitting, and we loudly demanded to be *put on trial*. In this position, our relatives frightened and almost heart-broken at the proceedings which had been adopted, left but one solace—that of visiting us in our bastile; unprotected families, terrified at the proceedings which had occurred, and now in the midst of their terror these homes left desolate by the brutal removal of their guardians. Clarendon's motive was to wound, and in the morning, when preparing to visit their captured husbands and parents, the rumour was spread to reach them of their removal at daylight no one knew whither.

On Friday morning, 19th August, at half-past five o'clock, Charles Taaffe, S. J. Meany, P. Marron, Joseph Brenan, P. Kennedy, and myself, were assembled in our room. All the other prisoners, half-dressed, rushed to bid us a hasty farewell. West, J. F. Bergin, M'Carron, C. R. Mahony, James O'Donohoe, J. F. Lalor, Hanvy, and Lawless, appeared greatly excited, and parted from us as if we were doomed men, the report being that we were going to the notorious Fort George in Scotland. We were conducted to the hatch, and were surprised to meet Miss Taaffe, who by accident learned this fresh piece of heartless barbarity, and kindly promised to call on Mrs. M. and break the matter to her. This was a relief, and we prepared to meet whatever might occur with unabated resolution. A little before six o'clock a file of constabulary appeared to take charge of us. Mr. Matthews, their officer, treated us with courtesy. A prison van rolled to the door, into which we were ushered, an escort of detectives accompanying us inside, and a body of mounted police forming our guard. In a short time we stopped at the Kingstown station, Westland Row, where another van had arrived before us

from Kilmainham. Mr. Matthews and his constabulary appeared and escorted us to the train, where we were joined by Patrick O'Higgins, T. M. Halpin, Eugene O'Reilly, James O'Rourke, James Crotty, Thomas Bergin, William Walsh, and James Baker. Arrived at Kingstown, we were drawn out in single file on the platform, fourteen in number, a detective placed beside each, and marched to the jetty amongst an astonished group who were taking a morning promenade. A boat waiting for us in the offing having been hailed, came to the landing, and we were placed in it, accompanied by Mr. Matthews and thirteen constabulary, followed by a man-of-war boat, with armed marines, containing our luggage. A short time brought us alongside the Reynard war-steamer, which had been specially ordered for our transport, and a few minutes placed us abaft a large swivel-gun on her quarter-deck. Our attention was attracted from the mystery of our removal by the novelty of our position and the movements on deck. A herculean-looking man, with blue pea-jacket and trousers, broad hat and weather-beaten features, whom we at once knew to be a pilot, directed the evolutions. The men were summoned to the capstan, to the number of about seventy. A small boy—one of the powder monkeys—commenced playing, with great irregularity, "Nancy Dawson"; the men took their places, four or five at each hand-spike, and in a short time the anchors were hoisted, the sails unfurled, the steam up, and we shot in good style out of the harbour.

Whilst these matters were occurring we took up positions on the quarter-deck, which enabled us to view them and the receding shore. Those who usually indulged in the luxury smoked cigars, and we were calcu-

lating on the appearance of the captain to summon us to his cabin to breakfast, when lo! a barefooted sergeant of marines approached, and very gruffly exclaimed: "Captain orders you forred". Indignation and hesitation portrayed our countenances; we saw plainly there was no use in protesting—the previous acts of our captors should have prepared us for any villany—and forward we went resigned to our fate. For an hour or two the scene kept us amused. The morning was beautiful; the scenery of Howth and along the coast interesting; several race-gigs were moving outside Kingstown harbour, whilst from others bathers were springing into the dark blue waves. Poor Taaffe, who was greatly annoyed and unwell, was promenading from the forecastle to the main hatchway, when a little middy called out: "Captain orders you not to go abaft that gun!" pointing to one which curtailed his walk by several yards, and confined him to a space in which he was every moment in danger of being tripped up by a coil of rope or running stay of the rigging. We had now ample time to contemplate our quarters. On inquiry we ascertained the vessel's name to be the "Reynard", the captain's, Craycroft; she was quite new, and this her trial trip; was mounted with light six-pounders and two large swivels, one fore, the other aft; was intended for eighty men, whilst she had on board one hundred and ten, besides fourteen state prisoners, thirteen constabulary, and their officer, Mr. Matthews; her destination, after our expedition, Africa, to intercept the *slave trade*! Magnanimous, pious, philanthropic Albion, proud redeemer of the rights of man in all countries save those under her own sway; fit engine to free mankind, the war-steamer "Reynard", Captain Craycroft—after performing its

hallowed duty in conveying fourteen Irishmen from one dungeon to another, for raising their voices against tyranny and oppression.

In a prison, on land or on sea, a man's natural instinct prompts him to have a look-out for breakfast particularly when routed at half-past five o'clock. Accordingly, we felt some satisfaction when hearing the boatswain's whistle, which we understood to be the breakfast signal. With a strong desire to partake of it, having an indefinite idea that we should be so furnished, we waited patiently for our summons; but what was our astonishment and disgust when the cooks announced to us it was ready, and advancing from the hatchway of the forecastle, placed a bucket before us, containing a greasy nauseous liquid, which he called cocoa, and alongside of it a small store cask containing broken mouldy biscuits. The first look was sufficient; two or three attempted to taste it, but hastily retreated. Taaffe could stand it no longer, and requesting some place to lie down, the doctor was sent for to grant permission, and he was conducted to the engine-room, where, immediately over the boiler, a rough latticed coop, about six feet by ten, used for holding coils of rope, was suspended, and in which the guns of the constabulary were placed. On these guns Taaffe was permitted to lie, but his earnest request for a cup of tea and a little bread was met with derision.

The early part of the day was fine, and the men, who had a most unseamanlike appearance, were ordered to dress for drill. Accordingly the marines, who were bare-foot all the morning, with old red jackets and filthy appearance, came on deck with their shoes on, bearing their firearms; the sailors throwing their picturesque, handsome shirts, with large falling collars, over their

filthy working attire, and the appearance of the whole crew was externally much changed for the better. It was evident the valiant captain was determined on a grand display, to strike with terror the enemies of her majesty's crown and government; but it was also apparent that the men were novices at "training and drilling". They were really a fine body of men as sailors, but when ordered to fall in, and new cutlasses, belts, and carbines were presented to them, the scene was too rich even for our harassed feelings, made us merry, and was positively a relief. When ordered to put on belts, one portion put them round their necks, others over one shoulder; some stepped into them to pull them up to their waists. The men felt their ridiculous position, and commenced joking amongst themselves at their performance. "Dang it, Jack, it's a hempen cravat you should have round that ere bull's head". "Bill, don't swallow that ere toasting-fork dangling so near your snarlers!" "D—— my eyes, if Joe don't fancy he is pulling on a pair of leather breeches". To improve the scene, we assembled to view the performance, and the disappointed commander had to move along the line, showing his recruits how to adjust their side-arms. Then came, "Draw cutlasses", when some after great difficulty drew them clear out of the scabbards, whilst others deliberately loosened the scabbard, and presented the sword with its appendage. This finished the sword exercise, and they were hastily got rid of. Then came the carbine exercise, and the first specimen settled this process. Shoulder arms!—some seized the pieces by the butt, and held them perpendicularly; some seized them by the muzzle, and crossed them on their shoulders; others clapped them to their shoulders, as if in the act of firing,

and some with the muzzle resting on deck, and the butt upwards. Craycroft could endure no more; looked from the awkward squad to us; saw the looks the performance excited, ordered the men off, and flew to his cabin foaming with rage.

As Kingstown receded from our view, its jetty was crowded with parties who had assembled on ascertaining the transport of state-prisoners in so summary and mysterious a manner, and the waving of men's hats, and the floating handkerchiefs of fair women, exhibited their interest and sympathy. Boats, too, had shot from different directions, and made rapidly to reach us before leaving. Some of them had achieved their object, and their occupants, both male and female, greeted us with respect, and bade us adieu with evident regret, whilst the symbols of our fair countrywomen were withdrawn from their waving position, and applied to stop the burst of sympathetic tears.

A short time brought us contiguous to the towering promontory of Howth, and we passed within a short distance of the lighthouse, with its clear, white appearance, seated on a projecting rock, like a petrel braving the foaming tide. About a mile above it appeared a green patch of luxurious meadow land, contrasting beautifully with the dark gray rocks and the wild erica, with its purple blossoming and brown foliage. In the centre of the green patch the Fairy Well vividly rose to my recollection, as I recalled a pic-nic repast which a few weeks before I had enjoyed by its side with Mrs. M., our little ones, and some young friends. The old peasant woman Nelly, who had appeared to us as the genius of the well, and who had invited us to her heather-thatched cabin after dinner, with the temptation of a

boiling kettle and equipage for our tea. The sweet remembrance of that happy tea-party, our subsequent tramp over the hill, our little ones capering down its rudely-cut roadway with delight, gathering the wild flowers, and calling me to dig them up some roots of the beautiful heather in its bloom from its native mountain bed; then the railway trip to Dublin terminus, and car-drive home, and the planting of the highly-prized erica before retiring to bed, and their early rising on the morrow to gaze at their beauties, to water and to care them. It was one of many, many such days of happiness and love.

Steadily moved the Reynard! In truth, she was a noble vessel, despite the vile duty she was employed on, or the gaoler promenading her deck. Lambay, with its bleak iron-gray rocks; the golden sandbanks of Malahide, and the sprightly Skerries, with its two island rocks, the mariner's terror, and the cause of many an untimely grave; the small but cosy harbour of Balbriggan, with its lighthouse standing like a sentinel at its entrance, and the lofty railway bridge, behind which the town was completely hid, with its grand stride crossing the estuary, which lay about one hundred feet beneath its arches. These we had distinctly in view, and Balbriggan reminded me of another happy day which we had spent on the banks of the Boyne at Old-bridge, returning to Balbriggan, where, in the snug but small first-floor room of a tidy confectioner's shop, we had every accommodation for tea, and being at headquarters for such supplies, our little ones had no lack of pastry. What reminiscences; what a contrast with my then position! Approaching Drogheda, we kept further out to sea, and we had but a faint glimpse of it.

The day was changing; murky clouds portended a stiff gale, and we had but a hazy view of the coast by Carlingford, Newry, the Slieve Donard, chief of Mourne mountains, Dundrum, Ardglass, the Isle of Man; but on approaching Donaghadee we again neared the coast, of which we had a good view. From this point we could see the pleasure-grounds, neat residences, and well cultivated farms reaching the water side.

About three o'clock a stiff gale, accompanied by torrents of rain, obliged us to apply for shelter, and after some delay, during which we were thoroughly drenched, we received permission to retire to the cage in which Taaffe was reclining on the carbines. About eight o'clock, the gale having become a perfect hurricane, the sails were taken in, and the bow and stern anchors thrown out for the night, opposite Carrickfergus, in Belfast Lough. We now learned our destination was the model prison of Belfast. In vain application was made to Captain Craycroft for some nourishment for Taaffe, who was suffering severely. Again he was applied to for a berth for him for the night, with equal success. The assistant-surgeon, who applied to the purser on both occasions, brought back word that he *dare* not comply with the request, whilst Mr. Matthews, with much commiseration, informed us that he was perfectly powerless.

Exhausted with total abstinence, drenched with rain, and cooped up in the crib before described, we prepared to bivouac for the night as we could. One-fourth of the space we had to leave for Taaffe. The engine-fire was raked out, but the steam and heat were most oppressive, and the smell of grease and tar, the usual accompaniments in a marine-engine room, was most sickening.

Those who first entered this novel sleeping apartment secured a few feet to crouch themselves in upon their portmanteaus, whilst others had to retire to the greasy metal floor beneath, and endeavour to get through the night as best we could.

In the morning we had to wait for tide, and were not unmoored until about twelve o'clock. Meantime, as there was to be an exhibition, every preparation was made to contribute to it. The decks were scoured by the marines; the hammocks adjusted on the bulwarks, as in an engagement, and, when over, all hands were ordered to dress for parade. After a short period the seamen were washed, shod, and shirted, having on this occasion clean faces and trousers, and shoes and stockings, but in the marines and midshipmen the greatest metamorphosis appeared, for, instead of naked feet, filthy hands and faces, patched trousers and old red coats, out at elbows, they now appeared in full military costume—half-boots, iron-gray trousers, clean red coats, with well-whitened facings, shouldered carbines, crossbelts, bayonets, and cartouche boxes. The midshipmen, who previously differed little in dress from the ordinary seamen, except in wearing shoes and stockings and pea-jackets, or blue under-jackets, with a few inches of gold lace on one shoulder, now paraded in fine cloth, with the usual naval dress buttons, boots, and side-arms; and the gallant commander had changed his short jacket and cap for a blue surtout, glazed cocked hat, and sword. The anchors were raised, the vessel unmoored, and as we had but six or seven miles to reach Belfast, the metamorphosed marine sergeant marched his men "forred", and escorted us abaft the large swivel on the quarter-deck, as on the previous morning.

Notwithstanding our position as voyagers, wearied and exhausted from fatigue and famine, dragged from friends, from home, pent within a circumscribed space, whilst our jailor Craycroft promenaded abaft the gun pointed out as the boundary of our new prison, and with argus eyes peered at each prisoner as he approached the line of demarkation, we turned with contempt from the miserable exhibition on board, to view with delight the magnificent and picturesque scenery which met our gaze along the beautiful shores of that island which we had fondly hoped to make truly our own. our island home Ireland for the Irish, from the sod to the sky. Ireland for the Irish, without suit or service, faith or fealty to any other power under heaven. And in the contemplation of those beauties now exhibited to us from our floating prison, we almost forgot the tyrannies we were then enduring. The forenoon was beautiful; a harvest sun shone clear and unshrouded at the time of our embarkation, and continued so until about two o'clock in the afternoon, whilst the heat, which must have been oppressive on the shore, was chastened by the breeze which swelled the vessel's canvas, aiding very materially her screw propeller and enabling her to walk the waters at the rate of eight knots an hour

The gale we had experienced during the night obliged the gallant Craycroft to cast anchor in the lough. The morning was tolerably fine; the green sward on the banks of the lough on the Downshire coast looked rich, and the villas with their pretty plantations, their pleasure boats moored almost at their lawn gates, their *tout-en-semble* of comfort and even luxury proved them to belong to the burgesses of Belfast and Holywood. The gray towers of Carrickfergus appeared on our right near the

entrance of the lough. The town itself looked insignificant and gloomy, having a very observable deficiency of whitewash, which their opposite neighbours used to the utmost advantage, and which to small towns and farm houses gives a peculiarly rural and extremely cleanly and cheerful appearance. Behind Carrickfergus ran a range of hills, decked with some very fine houses and plantations of a superior class. This range extended to Cave Hill immediately behind Belfast, and which appeared towering in the distance. Within four miles of Belfast we passed Holywood, from which to Belfast there is a railway. At the other side of the lough we could see that between Belfast and Carrickfergus. Notwithstanding a stiff breeze from the north-west, the vessel moved gallantly on, and the pilot having steered her through a very ugly and dangerous channel marked with buoys and piles, she approached the town, and in a short time, the tide being at its full, she was moored to the north bank of the river Lagan. For some time before our arrival we could see an immense crowd collected on the quay, and the brass helmets and horse-hair crests of a troop of dragoons, with a constabulary force which was assembled evidently on the look out for our arrival. Now came the pomp and circumstance of display. On one side the marines were drawn up in charge of the prisoners, and transferred us to Mr. Matthews and his escort of constabulary with due marine precision, Captain Craycroft not even using his glass. The troop of carbineers was drawn up opposite the landing, at either side beyond them a strong force of local constabulary. The sheriff and several magistrates came on board, and Matthews introduced Patrick O'Higgins to him as our senior. The crowd on shore gazed in astonishment at the whole

scene, war steamer, the sailors in the rigging, the marines on deck, the captain's glazed cocked hat and swivel eyes, the fourteen prisoners, the carbineers on horseback, the constabulary on foot, and a very ominous and filthy-looking police van which drove alongside the vessel. We were landed in silence in pairs, and conducted to this vehicle, which on entering we found to be divided into twelve or thirteen separate compartments, with a door to each. These were small and filthy, and poor Meany, who stood six feet one, was crushed into one from which a portion was cut off for the driver's seat, and our idea of his comfort was formed by his shout to be let out, continued until we reached our destination. The van pulled up in the court-yard of the new Belfast prison. The outer gate closed, our military escort formed, and with due precision we were marched into the large hall of the building and drawn up in single file in the centre.

As a proof the men of '48 were *not* RED REPUBLICANS, I refer to J. Brenan's opinion:

Ho! bow before the People, come worship on your knees,
The People, who reward their friends, as they did Socrates!
The fearless, proud Democracy, who never learned to fear—
Who triumphed under Marat, who worshipped Robespierre!
Who bore no tyrant Charles, but as forfeit took his head,
And placed, amid their wild hurrahs a Cromwell in his stead!

The chivalrous, brave People, who when in thousands met,
Defeated weak, good Louis, and murdered Antoinette!
The men, who make consistency a very pleasant hack,
And drove a Bourbon from the throne, to bring a Bourbon back!
The men who raised a guillotine—gave "Reigns of Terror" birth,
The rampant "*Red Republicans*"—the meanest slaves on earth!

JOSEPH BRENAN.

Newgate, August, 1848.

The following from the *Morning Star*, October, 1865,

will prove the terror of the Whig ministry in EIGHTEEN FORTY-EIGHT :

“Admiralty, March, 1848.

“My dear Napier,—You will be kept at Cork until after the monster meeting, and the people are a little quiet.

J. W. D. DUNDAS”.

“Dublin, April 5, 1848.

“My dear Lord Auckland,—I have had a conference this morning with Lord Clarendon, and by what he says and what I hear from other quarters, I think things are in a very ticklish position.

“CHAS. NAPIER”.

“Dublin, 6th April, 1848.

“My dear Lord John,—Things are not in a wholesome state here, but they are on the alert, and if the *troops and police are firm* I apprehend no danger.

“CHAS. NAPIER”.

“Dublin, 26th April, 1848.

“My dear Napier,—The Lord Lieutenant seems to think all will be quiet here. You appear to have made such admirable arrangements, that the Republic has no chance.

“J. W. D. DUNDAS”.

In the smoke-room of the “Bloxham Hotel” with a glass of October, presented to me by merry “Tiny”, I wish all happiness to Queen Victoria as a woman and a matron, to my country and my friends, and even to William Ewart Gladstone, Castlereagh Wodehouse Earl Kimberly, provided they forsake the “devil and his works”, and reform themselves. Having been left out of the firm, Lord John has had plenty of time to bite his rails and repent. In concluding this volume, I take p my “calumet”, and say FAREWELL.

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER.

1st January, 1870.

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Prices as follows, terms Cash:—

Guinness's XX Porter (Pints),	1s. 6d. per dozen.
Guinness's XX Porter (Quarts),	3s. 0d. „
Guinness's celebrated XXX (Pints),	2s. 4d. „
Guinness's celebrated XXX (Quarts),	4s. 6d. „
Sweet Ale, Castlebellingham (Pints),	1s. 7d. „
Bitter Ale (Pints),	2s. 2d. „
Port Wine (fresh bottled),	18s. 0d. „
Imperial Sherry,	17s. 0d. „
Sayer's and Marrett's Cognac Brandy,	4s. 6d. per bottle.
J. Jameson's Old Whiskey (Pure)	16s. to 18s. per gal.

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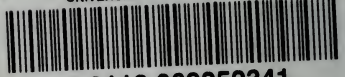
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